

The Ladies' Repository 1869.

SEPTEMBER.

PRESENT STATE OF THE EUROPEAN CHURCH.

SECOND PAPER.

TURNING to the consideration of Protestantism in Germany, the most prominent question, and one which has already produced a large amount of literature, and been the principal topic in many of the ecclesiastical conventions for more than two years, is the adjustment of the confessional relations of the new Prussian territory, of which the late Kingdom of Hanover is the most important part. The prevailing sentiment of the new Prussians is strongly against amalgamation with the State Church, which consists of the Evangelical Union of the Lutheran and Reformed Confessions introduced by King Frederic William III, in 1817. The present King ardently desires the adoption of the Union by the new territory, and has recently expressed to a delegation of Hanoverian divines the hope that they would take the lead, but that he would refrain from all compulsion. In the newly annexed countries four consistories, independent of the Evangelical Ecclesiastical Council—therefore of the Union—exist, standing directly under the supervision of the Ministry of Public Worship. Those in Hanover and Hesse remain as before, while those of Nassau and the duchies of the Elbe have been re-established. In Hanover an attempt has been made to separate the schools from the Church, and to place them under State supervision. The seminaries have already been withdrawn from the ecclesiastical authorities. Many petitions have been presented by the clergy, teachers, congregations, and others against any change of relation of the common schools to the Church.

In 1863 preparations were made in Frankfurt—
VOL. XXIX.—11*

on-the-Main for the organization of an important association of Protestant ministers and laymen, having the double object of promoting a public sentiment in favor of the separation of Church and State and the propagation of a so-called "liberal," though really rationalistic, theology, but at whose annual public meetings there should be only general expressions of opinion, while the formal resolutions should be drawn up by private committees. The first regular session of the Protestant Association was held in Eisenach in 1865, the Berlin Union, an association of similar theological tendency, whose organ was the Protestant Church Gazette, having united with it immediately before. Dr. Schenkel, of Heidelberg University, stands at the head of the Association, and in his General Church Gazette and frequent books, he labors with great energy, and thus far with no little success for the growth of the Association. He lays down the following as its principles: "That there must be a Church directly rising out of the State Church, which shall be perfectly independent; that the clergy must be purified from hierarchical conceit, keeping pace with the culture of the times, and following the movement of science; that there must be an end to all clerical fanaticism, especially such as has recently lifted its head against every free expression of opinion in theological and pastoral circles; that there must be true tolerance manifested to the most different theological and doctrinal tendencies in the Church, and that all religious and moral force must have ample room for operation."*

The third session of the Association occurred in Bremen on the 3d of July, 1868, when

* Der deutsche Protestantenverein, pp. 35, 36. Weisbaden, 1868.

representatives from various parts of Germany, mostly young men, took active part. Professor Bluntschli discussed the question of the relation of the Church to the State, and contended for their divorce. The theological tone of the session may be determined from the following words of Dr. Schenkel: "The Bible has become the paper-pope of Protestants, just as the man in Rome is the Pope of the Catholics. The Bible, like every other book, should be subjected to literary criticism. As for taking the Bible as authority, we should only take its spirit, and, therefore, use it as an inward authority. There is only one general authority, and that is God." The Protestant Association has thus far been successful in absorbing a large amount of latent and detached skeptical sentiment, which has been attracted to it by its semblance of freedom. If it shall succeed directly in hastening the separation of the unnatural union of State and Church, and, indirectly, in rousing the evangelical portion of the Church to more active measures against the aggressions of skepticism, it will not have existed in vain. The lamented Rothe was unfortunately induced to unite with the Association, and thus, in his closing months, to exert an influence directly antagonistic to the general tenor of a life spent in evangelical labors. Baumgarten is now the most distinguished orthodox theologian connected with the Association, but his frequent protests have proved clearly enough that he feels ill at ease among his new radical associates.

This society is only one part of the deplorable picture now presented by the German Protestant Church. Many of those who ought to be ministering to the wants of the people are dividing their time and talents between confessional strife, the promulgation of the Gospel of culture, and loud misrepresentations of, and warnings against, the labors of the missionary representatives of religious bodies in England and America. It is not surprising that the masses betray sad evidence of this neglect, and that the beer-garden and Sunday theater are more assiduously visited than the places of worship. The Berlin agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society says: "The district committed to my management comprises, in round numbers, upward of 17,000,000 of inhabitants. If we take away from these 17,000,000 one-third as unripe for the possession and use of the Bible, and suppose that one-half of the remainder actually possess a copy—and that is, probably, a much too favorable supposition—there remain upward of 5,500,000 persons requiring to be supplied with Scriptures. And what has been done to meet this lack? The native Bible

societies—that is, the Prussian, the Saxon, the Mecklenburg, and the Anhalt—will have circulated, at the outside, some 15,000 or 20,000 copies, say 20,000; and our circulation has been upward of 160,000. In a word, the entire number of Bibles, Testaments, and parts can not have exceeded 250,000, which, divided among 5,500,000, gives one copy for every twenty-second person, and leaves 5,250,000 in one year without the bread of life, so far as having the bread of life depend on owning a copy of the Scriptures. I do not think my calculation would be very wide of the mark if I were to affirm that there are 8,000,000 persons in my district who ought to have a Bible or Testament, and who actually do not possess one."*

In the manufacturing districts of which Dresden and Leipsic are centers, not only is the religious indifference appalling, but immorality in its grossest forms prevails. The services on the Sabbath are almost totally neglected, while the rest of the day is occupied by the older people in laboring in the fields, shops, or factories, and by the young people in music and dancing in the beer-gardens and restaurants. "Theft is a very common offense, and is committed by old and young, male and female. The prisons contain large numbers of boys, and prisoners from eighteen to twenty-four years of age are found to have been in confinement many times before. These persons, on examination, appear to have but little or no knowledge of Scriptural truth; no respect for their parents, and a strong notion that when they were baptized and confirmed their salvation was indubitably secured. The alarming extent of this evil may be accounted for, in a great measure, by the total disregard of parental care and training. The children are neglected, allowed to grow up like weeds, and in due time are ready for any crime. Those who are over six years of age are compelled to go into the factories to work, where they are crowded in ill-ventilated rooms, seldom allowed to rest their overtaxed muscles, and compelled to listen from morning until night to the profanity of the operatives.†

In Denmark the importance of religious vitality is overlooked amid the bitter strife within the Church on the relation of the free congregations to the State Church. These societies have taken shape within it, and profess the same faith with it. Strangely enough, they oppose with all their power the introduction of an ecclesiastical constitution, and the separation

* See sixty-third Report of British and Foreign Bible Society, 1867, pp. 69, 70.

† See Ruling's *Reden an Geistliche*. Leipsic, 1866. Pp. 217-246.

of the State and Church. Rasmus Nielson, Professor of Philosophy, contends that faith and science are irreconcilable ideas, and that, therefore, all theological science bears in itself a contradiction. Though he made known his views some years ago, the controversy on them broke out afresh in 1867. Bishop Martensen, in his "Faith and Science," attacks Nielsen's assumptions from the theological stand-point, while Brandes, in his "Dualism in our Latest Philosophy," opposes from the philosophical side. The Grundtvig party is favorable to Nielsen. Lay preaching, which has of late increased in certain sections, has met with vigorous opposition, and from none more so than Bishop Martensen. A Danish fanatic by the name of Sommer has collected a little spiritualistic sect in Jutland, somewhat resembling the Quakers, the Plymouth Brethren, and Mennonites. The Catholics have been profiting by the religious apathy of the Protestants, and have recently made many accessions. The authorities of the State Church have been led by their encroachments to forbid Lutheran children entering Catholic schools. Mormonism seems for once to be losing strength, while the Irvingites are gaining ground. The evangelical portion of the Church is taking great interest in benevolent enterprises, there being a special organization for almost every class needing aid.*

The conflict on the person of Christ has even reached Iceland. A candidate of theology, Erikson, has been promulgating the sentiments of the Protestant association of Germany. The preachers of the island, however, have appeared strongly against him in the journals Theodolfur and Nordanfari.

In Holland popular Rationalism prevails to an alarming extent, though opposed with great energy by Von Osterzee, the leading Dutch pulpit orator and commentator. There are signs, however, that it is decreasing. The attendance of students at the University of Leyden, its principal stronghold, is constantly diminishing, while that of Utrecht, where Van Osterzee and Doedes teach, is thronged with eager inquirers for the truth. The Churches of Leyden, presided over by skeptical preachers, are almost vacant, while the evangelical clergy are compelled to supplement theirs by hiring halls. In Belgium, which is largely Catholic, important Protestant missions are in successful operation, and very recently the Government has granted them the fullest liberty. The influence of the Catholic clergy on education has been lessened,

and in the elementary schools it has been cut off nearly altogether.

French Protestantism is involved in a violent internal strife of parties. On the one hand is the evangelical school, represented by De Presensé, Guizot, Bersier, and others; and, on the other, by the rationalistic theologians—a school which owes its origin chiefly to the late A. Coquerel, sen., and stands upon Unitarian ground. The former triumphed in the Annual Conferences in the Spring of 1868, and are making rapid progress in some of the southern districts; they have been successful in the Consistories of Tonncies, Rouen, and Bordeaux, while their enemies have triumphed in Havre, Lyons, Nismes, and St. Hippolyte. Infidelity prevails in the Protestant Church in Paris, and is greatly promoted by the materialistic influence of French philosophy. Since the death of Comte, the leading Positivists, about fifty in number, have organized themselves into an association, under the presidency of Lafitte, for the dissemination of their system. Positivism, however, is confined chiefly to the cultivated classes, while Proudhonism, which separates the thought of justice from God, is making progress among the middle and lower classes. The evangelical labors connected with the Universal Exposition of 1867 exerted a powerful influence against all these skeptical tendencies, together with Roman Catholicism; 7,000,000 copies of portions of the Holy Scriptures and tracts, and 3,000,000 copies of the Bible and New Testament, were sold, while preaching was heard at the Evangelical Hall in many languages, by multitudes during the Summer.

Swiss Protestantism is also divided against itself. The type of skepticism is quite gross, and its adherents are using every effort, by public lectures in Geneva, Basle, and elsewhere, to propagate their opinions. A work by Pastor Vogelin, "The History of Jesus and the Origin of the Christian Church," may be regarded as a specimen of the class. It contends that whatever is of supernatural character in the Bible is, therefore, incredible; that the history of Jesus is full of exaggerations of all kinds, and that science is bound to oppose them with its historical instruction; that Jesus was not different from other men, either in nature or origin; that he performed no miracles, and was not at all free from sin; that he never rose from the dead, and is not a mediator between God and man; that his influence arose from the impressions which he derived as a child from nature and from the history of his people; that God forgave his sins, and that he gave up his life willingly to carry out the thought of founding

*For an interesting account of these societies, see "Neue Evangelische Kirchenzeitung, No. 7, 1868.

a kingdom of God; that the origin of the resurrection arose from the veneration which his followers had for him; that all religion consists in loving God, and your neighbor as yourself; that the body never rises again, but goes into nonentity, so that the spirit may soar in its pure and uninterrupted progress; that the final judgment only takes place in the conscience of individual men; and that there is no hell, nor any special reward for good works.

Professor Riggenbach, of Basle, stands at the head of the orthodox party, which has lost an invaluable support in the pure, earnest, and learned Auberlem.

In all these countries strong efforts are being made by denominations outside of the established Church for spreading a more evangelical faith among the masses. The Free Church of Scotland is taking the lead in Hungary, while the Baptists and Methodists are most active in Germany and Scandinavia. In Sweden the Baptists number 7,418 members and 191 Churches, and two years ago founded a theological school. In Germany and Switzerland, together with a mission in Paris, the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States has established a mission which numbers 72 preachers, and a membership of 6,338. But all these movements are looked upon with suspicion and aversion by the State Churches, and wise measures are embarrassed, and pure doctrines misrepresented with a zeal and tact worthy of a better cause.* By a late decree, the King of Würtemberg has now declared perfect religious liberty to all confessions, so that now all religious bodies in that country stand equal with the State Church before the law.

The state of the Established Church in England is not more hopeful than its sisters on the Continent. The publication of the "Essays and Reviews" in 1856, followed by the more outspoken skepticism of Colenso, provoked a controversy which has been felt in the furthest colonies of the kingdom. Ritualism sprang up as an agency antagonistic to this Anglicized German Rationalism, and these two tendencies, between which it is hard to decide which is the better, are now powerful in the life and literature of the Anglican Church. The Pan-Anglican Synod, consisting of all the prelates of the Anglican communion throughout the world, with the exception of Bishop Colenso, held a meeting in 1867 at Lambeth, by invitation of the

Archbishop of Canterbury. Seventy-five bishops responded to the call, when a pastoral address was issued in favor of adherence to the canonical Scriptures, and against the growing skeptical tendencies. Meanwhile, the enlargement of the popular franchise has led the Reform leaders to address themselves to the work of separating Church and State, practically commenced in the House of Commons by the passage, by a large majority, of Gladstone's resolutions for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, though, as might be expected, the resolution was defeated in the House of Lords—a body which possesses merely nominal power, has no popular sympathy or affinities, and never adopts a liberal measure except by enforcement.* The bill of Mr. Coleridge for opening the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge to all confessions is still pending, and has met with vigorous opposition from the High Church. Dr. Pusey sent an address to the Wesleyan Conference in 1868, in which he invited Wesleyan co-operation against Mr. Coleridge's University Bill, and proposed that, out of the funds of the colleges, provision should be made for those dissenting bodies wishing to be represented in the University; in a word, that new colleges should be founded out of the revenues of the old ones, for the different bodies who hold the faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. The Conference took no action on the letter, but simply acknowledged its reception.

The Presbyterians in England and Scotland, following the example of their American brethren, are progressing rapidly with their plans of union. The three principal bodies are the Established Church, which recognizes the patronage and oversight of the State, and whose clergymen are paid by the State; the Free Church, which does not refuse the support of the clergy by the State, but vindicates independent congregational rights, and does not reject the oversight of the State; and the United Presbyterians, who will have nothing at all to do with the State, and even reject the State salaries. The more strict party in the Free Church are decidedly opposed to union. A numerous and influential assembly of Presbyterian laymen met in Edinburgh, and declared in favor of the union of the great Presbyterian bodies.

* Statistics of the Catholic Church in Ireland: 28 bishops; 3,027 priests; 2,400 chapels—2,000 of which have been built since 1800; 300 cloisters, hospitals, colleges, etc.; and 2,990 school-houses. This "poor" Church pays annually a Peter's pence of £800,000 sterling, besides important contributions for the Propaganda. In 1865 the clerical statistics of Ireland were: 6,279 clergymen, of whom 3,014 were Roman Catholics, 2,265 Anglicans, 677 Presbyterians, 277 Methodists, 35 Independents, 21 Baptists, 1 Jewish, and 25 miscellaneous.

* "No one has any real pleasure in them—neither our highest ecclesiastical authorities, nor the preachers of the Gospel in our Churches, nor the Christian associations of our country, have any real pleasure in them [the Methodist]." Strebel, *Die Methodisten in ihrer Heimath und in der Fremde*, p. 3.

All the Dissenting bodies have taken active part in favor of the Reform measures, and now Wesleyanism has combined with them, though it is to be regretted that it did not add its influence sooner. The Catholics, taking advantage, as they well know how to do, of the internal ecclesiastical and political dissension in Great Britain, have been using every effort to increase their number. If the statements of Archbishop Manning may be relied on, there are, in England alone, sixteen hundred Catholic bishops and priests, two hundred and six convents, forty to fifty monasteries, and thirteen hundred cathedrals, churches, and chapels.

A movement has been made in the Established Church toward union with the Greek Church. The proposed basis is the common doctrines and forms of worship employed by the Roman and Greek Churches, and which the English Church has only to adopt in form. This would involve the acceptance, by the latter, of transubstantiation, worship of saints, institution of cloisters, the seven sacraments, purgatory, and the like. The great majority of the English bishops are opposed to the agitation. At the head stands Dr. Pusey.

The Spanish revolution, which occurred in October, 1868, was so devised, and presented so bold a front, that it met with but little opposition, and in a few weeks substituted a provisional government for the detested Bourbon dynasty. Thus the road has now been opened for Protestant evangelization among twenty-two millions of people—including the Spanish colonies—who occupy a territory of three hundred and eight thousand two hundred and seventy-nine square miles—a fact almost too great for credibility.

Conclusion.

From this sketch, necessarily brief, it will be seen that the greatest difficulties which the Protestant Church of Europe has to encounter, in this most recent period of its history, are Roman Catholicism from without and skepticism from within. That she will be able to combat them successfully, no one who is familiar with her history can doubt for a moment. The growth of Christian unity is already more rapid than ever before, and is constantly on the increase. There are multitudes in the lower classes, notwithstanding the want of true shepherds, who are secretly thirsting for the Word of Life. This fact is abundantly illustrated by the remarkable success which has attended the recent missionary efforts in Italy. There is not a university in Protestant Germany where there are not at least a few evangelical professors, who are worthy to take the place of such men as

Tholuck, Müller, and Dorner, who must soon cease to labor. One of the great wants of German evangelical Protestantism is more earnest labor among the masses, who can not be won by the scholarly books of professional theologians, but to whom skepticism, in a disguised or outspoken form, is served up in the periodical popular literature to an extent unparalleled in the present century.*

Much good may be anticipated from the destruction of the unnatural alliance between the Church and State, an event which present indications augur as not very remote, but far more may be expected from the quickening influence of God's Spirit, when the vast theological learning of the Continent shall be sanctified, when the hungering masses shall once more be fed with the Bread of Life, when every orthodox Christian shall welcome to his side any humble worker in the same vineyard of the Lord, and when confessionism shall be regarded a less important matter than the salvation of souls. Not until then will the Church, in all its branches, make that rapid progress warranted at once by the promises of God and by the triumphs illuminating its own matchless history.

MY FIRST YEAR OF HOUSEKEEPING.

IT is no fiction that I sit down to my desk to chronicle this evening. As I look back through the long vista of years, and review the early days of my married life, its perplexities and cares come up before me in far more vivid colors than its joys; though the retrospect often provokes a laugh where the real experience caused bitter tears.

I was just twenty years old when I became the wife of a clergyman, a poor country pastor. It was a love-match, and, with the usual thriftlessness of lovers, I think it did not then occur to us that we could not live upon love, or that it would need such vulgar appliances as roast-beef and palatable puddings to preserve, in its purity, the divine essence of the grand passion.

Every body said that I was totally unfit for a minister's wife. I was, naturally, exceedingly joyous and mirthful, and without a particle of the staid dignity expected from persons in my position; while my husband was a grave, thoughtful man, endowed, by nature, with a

* The *Gartenlaube*, an illustrated weekly, is the most popular, and one of the most skeptical publications in Germany, and has a circulation of two hundred and fifty thousand copies. Its articles abound in Materialism and attacks on evangelizing movements. It seems to have a special prejudice against *Inner* or *Home Missions*.

commanding personal appearance and prepossessing manners. I do not wonder now that people could not see the propriety of his choosing me for his wife, when so many pattern women stood ready to accept him. My own family had but one objection to the match: he was poor, and I had no idea of practical house-keeping.

Ah! how well I remember the first washing day! My husband, after vainly trying to persuade me to employ a wash-woman—I knew he could not afford it—came into the back kitchen to help me himself. We were very merry at first; but after rubbing off little patches of skin from every knuckle, and burning our arms till they looked like illustrated maps of some unknown country, we began to find out that there was little poetry, and no fun, in the wash-tub.

But the ironing day was worse yet. Nothing but pride kept me from rolling those starched shirts into a bundle and taking them across the fields to my mother's kitchen. I forgot to mention that we had taken up our abode in a parish but one mile distant from my father's house.

I had never ironed any starched clothes of any description; but from my brothers at home I had imbibed very exalted ideas in regard to the importance of immaculate shirt bosoms. My husband told me all that he could remember of his mother's method, and then betook himself to his study. Shall I ever forget my feelings when the flat-iron, heated seven times hotter than its wont, and carefully applied to the glutinous surface, suddenly struck up an attachment for the same, and, when forcibly separated, left its whole image and superscription behind in black and brown colors! I have that shirt now. I keep it to show to those wise mothers who are training their daughters for future usefulness.

But it was in cooking that I found my chief trouble. All my attempts in that line, at the time I commenced housekeeping, had resulted in spoiling several kinds of rich cake concocted in accordance with those impossible receipts which fill our modern cookery books. I had never made a loaf of bread in my life. Bakers' bread served us for a time—for so long a time, indeed, that we found out all its good qualities, and have not tested its excellences for many years.

We had been married and settled nearly a fortnight, when, one morning, my husband came in with a letter in his hand and a very anxious expression on his face. I sprang up from my seat, nearly upsetting the breakfast-table, which was waiting for him.

"What is the matter, Frank? Is any body sick—or dead? Have you got bad news?"

"No. At least it ought not to be bad news."

"Well, what is it? Something serious—I know from your looks."

"No, Hattie; nothing of the kind. Only I feared it might annoy you. It is only a note from my college chum, Fred Knowles, saying that he is going to Boston, and will call on us, and—and get his dinner to-day," said my husband, finishing the sentence reluctantly.

It was my first call to entertain company, and knowing, by this time, my ignorance, I shrank back affrighted from the prospect. I confess, too, a feeling of deep mortification that my husband could not receive his most intimate friends without so serious a drawback upon his pleasure. All my natural energy and pride was aroused, and I determined to become a good, practical housekeeper at whatever cost of time and labor. But the present emergency was first to be attended to.

"I suppose I had better get some fresh loaves from the bakery?" Frank looked at the dry, light slices on the breakfast-table as he spoke.

"Yes, I think so. And some meat, Hattie. That forlorn old roast has lasted a fortnight, I am sure. I think I should recognize its bones if I saw them in Africa. Do you think you could broil a steak, Hattie?"

"Yes. But, Frank, you must come out of the parlor and overlook me. And if you will get some peas, and lettuce, and other vegetables, I shall get up a famous dinner."

A half-smile flitted across his face. He had heard of my famous dinners before.

"Well, we must do our best. The cars will not arrive till two o'clock, so there will be plenty of time both for marketing and cooking."

"Is Mr. Knowles very particular?" I asked, timidly. "Will he notice if things go just a little wrong?"

"Perhaps not. But he will have a natural curiosity in regard to the capabilities of his friend's wife. But I think we shall do very well."

"I am sure we shall," was my encouraging response, inspired by a bright idea that suddenly occurred to me. In accordance with it, my husband had no sooner started for the market, than I, slipping on my hat and shawl, started on a long walk through the fields and woods. I was going to consult my mother about the dinner. I surprised her by bursting into the dining-room, quite out of breath from my hurried walk, just as the family were sitting down to a late breakfast.

"Is it Hattie, or her ghost?" asked my father, getting up to welcome me. "If my memory serves me our Hattie used to be a late riser."

"Housekeeping improves me, papa."

"Do n't wait to talk," said mamma. "The coffee will be spoiled. Take off your bonnet, Hattie, while I get another cup and plate, and we will chat afterward."

"No, I thank you. I can not stop a minute."

Mamma opened her eyes in astonishment.

"You are not going to walk directly back again? Let me take your shawl."

"But I must go. We are going to have company to dinner—Frank's chum—and I want to know how long to boil potatoes and other"—

Such a chorus of laughter as interrupted me!

"Why, my dear child, boil them till they are done!"

"I know as much as that, mamma; but when must I begin them to have them done at the right time? I have got peas to cook and beef-steak, and I ought to make a pudding. O, dear!"

They all laughed again, as much at my distressed looks as at my ignorance. I did not join them; indeed, it was as much as I could do to keep back my tears.

"It is not Hattie's fault that she knows so little about cooking," at last said my father, kindly. "You must not mind our laughing at you, my dear. I have been longing to ask what you put into that mince-pie that I eat at your table last Sunday? I have tasted it ever since. But I will not tease you, for I have no doubt you will, in time, be as good a cook as your mother. And now as it regards the present difficulty," he went on pleasantly, "I have a plan to propose. I will put the harness on old Fanny, and you, mother, can take the poor child home and stay to superintend this dinner."

Mamma always assents to papa's plans; so my load of responsibility was gone at once. It was pleasant to see the look of relief on my husband's face as we drove up to the door. "I have been searching every-where for you," he said, "and I could almost find it in my heart to scold you for causing me such anxiety; but your safe return satisfies me. Especially as your excursion has brought your mother to aid us in our extremity. But, Hattie, I must insist on your having no more private walks."

"Ah, sir, if you had known, you would have forbidden it. That would have spoiled all."

I have no doubt that Mr. Knowles left us, that day, under the impression that my husband had secured a matrimonial prize. But I felt like a hypocrite for weeks afterward.

It came to pass, after many days, that bakers' bread became unendurable. I tried to believe

in it, I praised and tasted it; but it would not do. Its glory had departed. I began heartily to approve of Pharaoh's course in lifting the head of the chief baker from off his shoulders and hanging him upon a tree; but I saw no way out of my trouble. I had tried many times to raise bread, but had not succeeded in making any fit to appear on the table. I had a trifle better success in making some milk biscuit, though I could never guess right in regard to the amount of soda required. Sometimes they were yellow enough to be mistaken for nuggets of virgin gold; but oftener they had the appearance of having been hardened and compacted in a cheese-press. My husband pretended that they were passed through heavy rollers, like those used in iron founderies. At first I tried to work the cold biscuit into puddings and griddle cakes, but their peculiar solidity frustrated all such attempts to economize. But when the case appeared perfectly hopeless I had still one resource. There was a wide ditch behind the garden, and in its dark waters I buried my biscuit out of my sight. Inexperienced girls should never commence housekeeping without a convenient ditch at hand. But my troubles did not end here. In an evil hour a neighbor's hen hatched a big brood of ducklings, which, in due time, found their way to my *cache* of provisions. The biscuit, so long in soak, now had a resurrection, and I remember watching the poor fowls as they vainly tried to divide them with their strong bills.

"My dear Hattie," said my husband, one morning, after the usual toil of breakfast was over, "do n't you think you could learn to make raised bread?"

"I can not tell, I am quite discouraged."

"You have learned to cook so many things in so short a time," he went on encouragingly, "that I am sure if you had some one to give you a few hints about the best method, you would succeed admirably. Why do you not consult your mother? She is a superior cook."

"You forget, Frank, how we resented it when my mother, and sisters, and aunts, and, in fact, all our friends united in predicting our present perplexities. No, it would be too mortifying to go home for counsel in this matter. Indeed, I am ashamed to expose my ignorance by consulting any one. I give all my visitors bakers' bread, and they, having it only occasionally, seem to like it."

"Suppose we try boarding, Hattie?"

"We can not afford that; and, besides, we want a home by ourselves. You would not be contented to give up our home liberties and privileges, Frank. If it were not for the eter-

nal bread question, we could get a little enjoyment out of life; but comfort now is out of the question. I wish, Frank," I added, pettishly, "that you had married a housekeeper, and I had gone into a convent!"

His face flushed. "I was not finding fault, Hattie. I am as ignorant as yourself, and I am sure I could not get along with the countless details of kitchen work half as skillfully and cheerfully as you do. I think you will conquer this difficulty in time."

"In time, if ever," I responded, ungraciously. "I hope there will be no bread making in eternity."

He looked at me in surprise for a moment, but he did not reply. The marked irreverence of my language affected him painfully; but he saw that I was in too reckless a mood to be reasoned with.

After he had gone to his study I sat down to think. I felt wicked and unhappy. I knew I had spoken unkindly and ungenerously to my husband, whose unwearied forbearance and gentleness, amid the inconveniences caused by my incompetency, had so often excited my gratitude. Alas, that so much misery could result from the want of a loaf of good bread!

A sudden resolve inspired me. Without waiting to clear away the breakfast things, I went to a kind old lady in the neighborhood, and, after confessing my ignorance, begged to be initiated into the mysteries of bread making.

"There is no trouble," said the old lady, "if you have good yeast."

"But I have tried yeast, and my bread soured."

"You let it stand too long. It must be put in the pans as soon as it is light, and then stand till it begins to come up again."

"But where can I get good yeast?"

"At the bakery. I get mine there. You can't help having good bread if the yeast is right. Only be sure to bake it soon enough."

I was soon on my way to the bakery, a mile distant. The fresh air and pleasant sunlight soon had their usual genial influence upon me, and I began to get back my lost courage and cheerfulness.

"After all," I said to myself, "I must succeed if I persevere. I am not naturally dull, and I will learn to make good bread if it takes me a year."

I procured a pint of yeast and hastened home with my treasure. I determined that the "hoisting" element should not be lacking in quantity; so I put into the flour all the yeast I had bought, only adding a cup of milk to moisten it sufficiently. It smelt very strongly of hops, but I thought that would bake out.

I had scarcely placed it in a warm corner by the stove to rise, when I recollected Mrs. Lee's caution about baking it in time to prevent its souring.

"I must run no risk of that, at all events," I said. "I am sure there is yeast enough in it to raise it if I bake it directly. It can rise in the oven, to be sure. Dear me, how green it looks! But it will all come right in baking, I dare say."

So, without further delay, I placed it in the oven. I would not, if I could, describe its appearance when it came out. I did not wait to test its quality, but threw it, almost hissing hot, into that long-suffering ditch. I am afraid it is there now. It is many years since I left the place, but I often fancy half a dozen ducks hard at work upon it.

I went back to the house, and, for the first time, sat down to have a hearty crying spell. It was no genteel snuffle, with just tears enough to add luster to my eyes; but a downright sobbing, that would have done credit to any whipped youngster of ten. I was utterly discouraged. In this condition my husband found me when he came down to dinner. There was no dinner cooked, and the breakfast-table stood just as we had left it.

At first he looked much alarmed, but he soon comprehended the state of affairs. Then he came and sat down by me, and drew my head from the hard table, upon which it had rested, to his shoulder. How soothingly and encouragingly he talked to me! He seemed to have quite forgotten my provoking language to himself, and to be only anxious to comfort me.

After a time I told him the sad experience of the morning, the long, fatiguing walk, the attempt to obtain instruction, and the hopeless result. It was any thing but a funny story to me, but I felt him trembling as I proceeded; and when I concluded with the amiable wish, that those ducks might be choked to death if they ever brought that bread up to the light of day, he broke out into a fit of laughter such as I had never seen him indulge in. It was a long time before he was sober enough to speak.

"I think, Hattie," he said at last, "that you have at least taken one step in the right direction."

"How?"

"Why, after confiding in old Mrs. Lee, it will not now be difficult to tell her of your failure, and to ask for the privilege of mixing a few loaves under her direction. You will easily get the art in this way, and she is too kind to care for the trouble."

"To be sure, Frank. I wonder I did not

think of that. I shall try very hard, and you shall have a housekeeper yet."

"And you will not sigh for a convent, Hattie?"

"Ah, Frank, it is fortunate that I have a considerate husband. Every body would not forgive such temper as I exhibited this morning."

We extemporized a lunch to serve for a dinner, and then I again set off to visit Mrs. Lee. At last I learned to make bread.

I could fill many pages with such doleful reminiscences, and should be willing to do so, if I could convince one young girl of the importance of practical household knowledge; or make her understand how much of the grace and comfort of a home depends upon the domestic habits of its mistress.

But I will only indulge my vanity by stating, what is really true, that I can now cook a dinner, clear-starch and iron, preserve and pickle, knit stockings and darn them, all in unexceptionable style. If any one doubts it, let him or her come and pass a week at the pretty parsonage in the rural village of Lanswood.

THE LADIES OF PORT ROYAL.

PART SECOND.

WE must now go back to the ladies of Port Royal de Paris. After an absence of twenty-five years they returned to their beloved Abbey in the Fields. It was a true port of quiet in a stormy age, for the civil war of the Fronde was now convulsing the land. In religious procession, with crosses and banners, they approached the abbey gates amid the shouts of welcome of the simple peasants. Their return was hailed with delight by the aged and the poor of the hamlet, whose wants they had often relieved. Many a tear rolled down the withered faces of the elder villagers as they beheld the lines of care, and age, and trouble on the placid features of the Mère Angélique.

There were eighteen of the Arnauld family in the two communities. The long-severed relatives met for a moment and then parted forever. The men retired to Les Granges, the abbey farm-house on the neighboring hill. The nuns might see their nearest friends no more, save through the iron bars of the convent grating. One standing midway between the abbey and the Grange, at the hushed hour of the even song, might hear gently stealing up from the valley the soft voices of the nuns singing the Angelus, while from the neighboring height fell the deeper chant of the men, but neither could hear the sound of the others' voices. Though the hearts of those Sundered friends might turn

with wistful longing toward each other, they could never communicate their deepest emotions. A gulf as impassable as the grave yawned forever between them.

There is something exceedingly painful in the contemplation of this mistaken zeal, this abnegation of the purest and holiest feelings of our nature. God setteth the solitary in families; but presumptuous, self-willed man sets at defiance the laws impressed upon his being by his Maker.

With two of the deepest sources of feeling in the human heart—the joys of wifehood and of motherhood—forever sealed, the energies of this pious sisterhood found vent in deeds of active benevolence, and in the education of the young. Their schools became celebrated as the best in all France. But here, as elsewhere, the same system of unnatural repression prevailed. No language of affection, no mutual caresses or endearments were permitted among the pupils. The merry laugh of childhood was a forbidden sound. Even in their hours of play each scholar was compelled to amuse herself, if that were possible, separate from the others and in quietness. One wonders if the sisters ever read that beautiful picture in Zachariah, "The streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

The strictest discipline of the Cistercians, the most rigorous of all the conventual orders, was rigidly observed. The religious offices for all the canonical hours were solemnly celebrated. The perpetual adoration of the sacred host was carefully maintained. All night long, as well as throughout the day, a white-robed nun kneeled prostrate before the consecrated wafer in the golden pyx upon the altar, adoring as she thought, the real presence of the Redeemer. A silver lamp hung ever before the sacred shrine, in which glowed a never-extinguished light, gleaming pale and wan through the incense smoke by day, shining bright and clear amid the mysterious shadows of the chancel by night on the prostrate form upon the floor. Thus in perpetual sacrifice these recluses consumed their lives away in an unceasing round of unprofitable observances. Often in a living dream of mysticism, "that sad infirmity of noblest minds," a confirmed spiritual atrophy, they wasted away all their powers.

During the civil war the very existence of the convent was menaced by marauding bands of Frondeurs, who prowled about the country, laying waste its defenseless hamlets. The hermits of Port Royal, though emphatically men of peace, were no believers in the doctrine of non-resistance. They donned over their hair shirts coats of mail, cast up intrenchments,

whose grass-grown ramparts may still be traced, and changed the peaceful abode of the Muses into the semblance of an armed camp. The sentry's challenge and the shrill *reveille* mingled with the chant of the choir and the orisons of the penitents. The little army of three hundred gentlemen—such was the number of the recluses—defended the valley from hostile intrusion, and made it a haven of safety—a true port of quiet for the plundered peasantry of the surrounding country.

The Mère Angélique was indeed a mother to the hundreds of ruined peasants who took sanctuary under the walls of the abbey. The monastery itself became a vast hospital for the sick and infirm. With her own hands this high-born and noble lady, who would have graced the courts of kings, supplied the necessities of the poor and wretched. She bound up their loathsome sores, and tenderly ministered to those suffering from contagious maladies. She cheered their despondency, and held before the eyes of the dying the image of the crucified Redeemer. Though mixed with error may have been her creed, as she thus poured forth on the lowly and the poor the wealth of her affection, whose fragrance breathes around the spot to-day, did she not win the benediction pronounced by the Master on the woman who poured out the alabaster box of precious ointment on his feet, "She hath done what she could?" or the still richer beatitude, "Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me?"

Yet hers was no abject superstition. She felt that the living temple of the human body was more sacred than that built with stone. Hence she appropriated even the chancel itself to secular uses. The religious vestments, and even the consecrated napkins from the altar, were torn up for bandages for the wounded; and the sacred pyx and chalice, in a higher consecration than for sacramental uses, were sold to feed the hungry poor. The true San Grail is the humble cup employed in active charity. More grateful in his sight, who will have mercy and not sacrifice, is the incense arising from thankful hearts, than the fragrance of frankincense and myrrh from silver thurible.

"O, how little," exclaims Angélique in one of her letters written at this time, "do princes know the detailed horrors of war! We have concealed as many of the peasants and their cattle as we could, in our monastery, to save them from being murdered or losing all their substance. Our dormitory and the chapter-house are full of horses; we are almost stifled by being pent up with these beasts, but we

could not resist the piercing lamentations of the starving and heart-broken poor. In the cellar we have concealed forty cows. The church is piled up to the ceiling with corn, oats, beans, and peas, and with caldrons, kettles, and other things belonging to the cottagers. Our laundry is filled by the aged, the blind, the maimed, the halt, and infants. The infirmary is full of sick and wounded. We have torn up all our rags and linen clothing to dress their sores. . . . We hear that the abbey of St. Cyran has been burned and pillaged. Our own is threatened with an attack every day. The cold weather alone preserves us from pestilence. We are so closely crowded that deaths happen continually. God, however, is with us, and we are at peace." Their regular expenditure was seven times their certain income; yet, like the widow's cruse, their treasury was unexhausted during all those years of trial. No stately minister or cathedral, though dedicated to God with imperial pomp and gorgeous pageantry, was ever set apart with truer consecration than that little abbey church in becoming a granary for the food of the poor.

But more cruel than the horrors of war was the relentless hate of the Jesuits and of the Papal See toward the peaceful inhabitants of the valley. They were commanded forthwith to sign the formulary of condemnation of the obnoxious writings of Jansen. Few of the sisterhood had ever seen the book, and fewer still could read those ponderous Latin tomes. The simple nuns revered too much their conscience and the truth to condemn what they could not comprehend, and braved rather the wrath of the King than perjure their souls. The vials of that wrath were poured out upon them without measure. The venerable Mère, now over seventy, bowed with years, but more with toil and care, was torn from the scene of her lifelong labors, from the Church in which she so long had worshiped, and in whose crypts she had hoped to be buried. Amid the tears of weeping children, and the bitter partings of the nuns, who loved her with a more than filial affection, she left the gates of Port Royal forever. Yet with a pious resignation she wrote to Madame de Sévigné, "At length our good Lord has seen fit to deprive us of all. Fathers, sisters, disciples, children—all are gone. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Yet even from the brink of the grave, and almost with the authority of a voice from the other world, in a letter of lofty remonstrance to the queen-mother, she pleaded the cause of the injured sisterhood, and, with her dying breath, invoked justice on their behalf. "Now my

earthly work is done," she exclaimed, and amid great bodily agony, not unmingled with mental disquietude, but at last in perfect peace that noble life ended. From the tribulations and cares and stormy conflicts of earth, from its errors and its sorrows, that noble soul, made perfect through suffering, entered the halcyon calm and eternal rest for which she had so often sighed, and joined "the seven-fold chant and choiring symphonies," which are forever unjarred by the discords of time.

On the death of Angelique, the powerful protection they had so long enjoyed was removed, and the bereaved community was exposed to all the bitterness of persecution. Subscription to the condemnation of Jansen was inflexibly demanded. To this demand most of the clergy of France yielded, but not one of the nuns of Port Royal—immortal honor to their names!—would purchase liberty by the sacrifice of conscience. Angelique no longer moved among them in bodily presence, but her intrepid spirit animated every heart. The detailed account of the petty tyranny, the dastardly persecution, the mean revenge of his most Christian majesty, the Grand Mowarque, toward this helpless community of aged women, harrows the soul, and makes the blood leap with indignant throbs through the veins. Their physical comforts were abridged, nay, the very necessities of life were meanly pilfered and plundered. They were dragged from their place of sanctuary, and banished to different convents throughout the kingdom.

But to their devout and sensitive minds the spiritual penalties they endured were far more terrible. They were interdicted admission to the holy sacrament; they were deprived of priestly absolution, and even under the awful shadow of death were refused the rite of extreme unction, which they deemed necessary to prepare their souls for their last long journey; and with a malignity of persecution that would pursue its victims beyond the confines of time, they were denied the rites of Christian sepulture, and their unanointed bodies were cast into dishonored and desecrated graves. Thus, "unhoused, disappointed, unannealed," one after another descended to the tomb, appealing from the tyranny and wrath of man to the eternal justice and mercy of God.

From this ruthless persecution the little community was rescued by the powerful patronage of the celebrated Duchesse de Longueville. In her early youth this high-born dame had, she thought, a vocation to a religious life, which, by a monstrous perversion of language in Catholic communities, means a life of conventual seclu-

sion. A court ball, however, which she attended, wearing, to prevent the violation of her vow, beneath her magnificent robe the sackcloth garb of penitence, kindled in her heart the fires of earthly ambition. She renounced the veil and returned to the dissipations of society. She became the idol of the court, the center of a brilliant circle of which she herself was the brightest ornament. Statesmen and ambassadors, generals and bishops, thronged her *salons*. She married, when twenty-three, the Duc de Longueville, already more than thrice her age. The great Condé, her brother, reflected luster on her name. Her journeys were like royal progresses; her *levees* like court receptions. On the waves of the civil war her party was born into almost supreme power. By an ebb in the tide they were dragged back. Her husband and brother were thrown into the dungeons of the Vincennes, and she herself became a homeless fugitive. She escaped to the sea-coast, threw herself, in spite of a raging storm, into a fishing smack, was wrecked and rescued. Mounted behind a faithful man-at-arms, she evaded pursuit, lurking for fifteen days in farm-houses and fishermen's cottages. She joined Turenne in Holland, and was soon again at the summit of prosperity.

But the most exalted fortune, the most successful ambition, the giddiest round of pleasure can not appease the hunger and thirst of the spirit—the immortal craving of the human soul. "O God," says St. Augustine, in one of his beautiful meditations, "thou madest man for thyself, therefore our hearts are restless till they find repose in thee!" Such was the experience of the brilliant Duchesse de Longueville. Sated and disgusted with the pleasures of the world, her weary spirit turned for relief to the quietude of the monastic cell, as the nearest possible approach to the quiet of the grave. "My life," she wrote, at the early age of thirty-four, to the prioress of the Carmelites, "seems to have been given me but to prove how bitter and oppressive are the sorrows of this mortal existence. My attachments to it are broken, or rather crushed. Write to me often, and confirm the loathing I feel for this sublunary state."

She soon, being now a widow, took refuge among the penitents of Port Royal, and expended her princely fortune in deeds of charity. In one year she released nine hundred persons imprisoned for debt, and maintained, with a royal bounty, four thousand impoverished prisoners. By the rigor of her penances she strove to expiate the follies, or, it may be, the crimes, of her worldly career. How severe in its self-torturing is the burdened conscience! How

difficult the perversions of an unscriptural creed make the way to heaven! How healing to the wounded heart those divine words of comfort, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!"

For the remaining ten years of her life, the still powerful influence of the duchess secured to the sisters of Port Royal comparative immunity from persecution, a lull before the storm that was to scatter the community forever, like withered leaves before the wind. The tedium of conventual life was relieved by the culture of polite literature, and by rehearsals by the pupils of the Scripture-plays of Racine. In the humble farmstead of Les Granges many illustrious persons found repose from the cares of State and the anxieties of life in wearing the garb and sharing the labors of the surrounding peasants. Among these were De Conti, a prince of the blood; De Laincourt, of ducal rank; and Ponchateau, an ambassador and noble of distinguished history.

With the death of their illustrious patroness, De Longueville, the storm of persecution again burst upon the hapless sisterhood. But they did not cower before it, nor yield to fate without a struggle. Another Arnauld, a descendant and namesake of the Mère Angelique, was abbess. She proved not unworthy of the name. She staunchly maintained, by appeals, protests, and petitions, the rights and privileges of the community, till the final and inevitable blow fell, which destroyed its existence forever. A Papal bull was issued for the suppression of the monastery, after a continued existence, according to the traditions of the house, of five hundred years. The male recluses of Les Granges had previously been dispersed. Some of them were living in exile or concealment, and some continued to pine in dungeons till death came to their relief.

We now approach the last scene in this tragic history. One dull October day, as was befitting the occasion, in the year 1709, an armed band of horsemen, with clanging sabers and gleaming cuirasses, slowly defiled from the neighboring forest into the little valley of Port Royal. It was commanded by the gallant Marquise D'Argenson. His mission was not one of knightly devoir for the defense of injured innocence. It was a Papal crusade against a few feeble women, aged and infirm, alone in a sequestered abbey. The valiant soldier rode up to the abbey gate, and demanded entrance in the name of his Most Christian Majesty, Louis XIV. The gate being opened, he strode through the hall, and sat down upon the throne, which had so long been occupied by the Mère Angelique. The nuns obeyed

the rude summons to his presence, and slowly entered the hall veiled, silent, and sad. The royal edict confiscating all their property, and commanding their perpetual exile, a document worthy of the hand which had signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, was then read. Short time was given for leave-taking of those long-familiar scenes. The impatient soldiery recked little of romance or sentiment. The venerable women were compelled instantly to depart to their separate prisons. They were all aged, some of them over eighty. With tottering steps they crossed the familiar threshold for the last time; and, with tear-dimmed eyes, took their last long look at their beloved Port Royal. Even the rude dragoons, who formed their escort to their destined prisons, let us hope, would be moved to sympathy for their sufferings and sorrows.

From the surrounding hamlets streamed throngs of women and children, and from the fields came the laboring peasants, and, with mingled prayers and tears, took pathetic leave of their gentle benefactresses. Some of these venerable women expired upon the journey, and found that rest in the grave which was denied them on earth. Those whose lives were lengthened, endured but a prolongation of suffering. The fate of Madame de Remicourt, one of their number, will serve as a type of the whole. *Ex uno disce omnes.* She was imprisoned in solitary confinement in a narrow cell, without window or aperture for ventilation save the chimney. Denied the use of fire, even in mid-winter, and deprived even of her few devotional books, she languished over two years in this living grave, till death, the longed-for deliverer, came to her release. But what these hapless victims of royal tyranny felt more than their rigorous imprisonment or their physical discomfort was the deprivation of all the outward consolations of religion. But no human power could prevent their enjoyment of that perpetual sacrament, the inner communion with the Father of their spirits; and though priestly absolution was denied, not even Papal intolerance could deprive them of the absolving efficacy of the Redeemer's passion. As calmly sleeps their dust to-day in their unconsecrated graves as if

"Beneath cathedral's vaulted aisle
Or abbey's fretted roof they lay mourned over by
The costly marble's counterfeited woe."

But not satisfied with making war upon the living inhabitants of Port Royal, the malice of the Jesuits wreaked its rage upon the peaceful sleepers around its walls. Like human ghouls that prey upon the dead, drink-imbruted

ruffians rifled the graves of the nuns and recluses; and with obscene ribaldry and outrages abhorrent to humanity, piled the bodies up in heaps, on which dogs were permitted to feed. The remaining bones were cast into one common pit, and the church and monastery, consecrated by the prayers and vigils of generations, were razed to the ground.

To-day the pilgrim from a foreign land to that shrine of learning, piety, and devotion to the truth, beholds, on the site of the former abbey, naught save a single broken arch and a few crumbling walls, the sole relics of that illustrious community of holy men and women who once made the valley vocal with hymns of praise and hallowed by deeds of Christ-like charity. But the great features of nature are unchanged, and the golden sunlight falls, the sapphire sky expands, and the purple hills stretch into the distance as lovely as of yore; and the little brook goes rippling by as placidly as when, seven centuries ago, the first founder of the abbey quenched his thirst at its waters.

"Men may come, and men may go,
But it goes on forever."

As the traveler stands amid the scenes of the blameless lives and self-denying labors of those Catholic recluses, where with erring feet but reverent hearts they humbly followed the steps of the Savior, however mistaken he may deem their abnegation of all the tender affections and gentle amenities of life, and however deeply dyed in the superstitions of their age and country, their ascetic discipline and penances, his heart can not withhold the tribute of a throb of sympathy for their sufferings, and of exultation in their lofty courage and heroic faith. Though strongly infected with the errors of Popery, they were essentially Protestant in their assertion of the right of private judgment and of the supremacy of conscience to either Pope or potentate. As he gazes on the grass-grown ruins that cover their violated graves, he will feel that their noblest monument is in the undying memories of their lives, in the labors that they achieved, in the enthusiastic love and veneration that they still inspire. He will recognize their distinguished places in the race of hero-spirits, who pass the torch of truth from hand to hand. He will hear their voices in the chant sublime, whose antiphonies great souls take up from age to age. He will exult in the essential unity in the faith of the Holy Catholic Church throughout the world.

GRACE does not destroy nature, but rather perfects it. Grace is of a noble offspring; it neither turns men into stocks nor stoics.

CONCERNING TRAPS.

A NUMBER of years ago I was visited by a young school-day acquaintance, several years my junior. Mischief was his natural element, and he had been largely endowed with animal spirits. He had recently decamped from home, and claiming my good offices in a strange place, I was, of course, called upon to have an eye to his well-being until further arrangements could be made.

One day I took him in a walk to the heights overlooking the city, half for companionship and partly from the sheer necessity of my keeping a good look-out for him. Arrived at the summit of the hill to which our steps were directed, I stretched myself out upon the ground for rest and general contemplation. It might have been surmised that the youth was embarked in some mischief, for a lengthened quiet prevailed; indeed, his existence was forgotten in my intense enjoyment of the delicious Spring air and sunshine, until loud shouts recalled my attention:

"Here, old fellow, look, look!"

He had pried up a huge boulder, and had it poised at the verge of the descent. Before a word of remonstrance could be uttered, away went the young avalanche on its errand of destruction. The descent was abrupt from the start, and down sped the rock, pounding the dust out of the breast of the hill, making terrific leaps in its mad career. It tore away a rood or so of fence and an outhouse in its track, and on it bore toward a large factory directly ahead, the young imp, meanwhile, tossing his arms about and screaming with delight.

The stone disappeared within the building amid a cloud of dust, and out came the startled people with "angry fyke," while I was engaged in getting the youngster away from the scene of his exploit. I have always felt a degree of remorse over the affair, not, however, for getting him away from the Philistines of the law. Although on general principles richly meriting punishment, he did not realize what he was doing when he launched the bolt. He did not set the trap. This was done during the "drift period," and the rock had been quietly awaiting, for untold ages, the fulfillment of its mission. He was as responsible, perhaps, as men often are for the deeds which are their glory or shame.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,"

is a hackneyed expression of human wisdom, recognizing the fact that the great successes of life are little more than the spring of traps that have been set up for us; or the lifting of some floodgate of circumstance, which releases the

pent-up waters accumulated in the past. The old adage, "take time by the forelock," teaches that every event has a handle by which destiny may be directed or led like a fractious horse.

Nature sets many traps for man, some for his destruction, and others for his comfort and advantage. The sun sucks up the moisture from the southern seas, and the winds waft it to the tops of distant mountains. There, precipitated as snow or rain, it accumulates in the avalanche, to be discharged on the plains beneath, wiping out farms and villages, as a boy rubs out a row of figures on his slate; and creating the mountain torrents, which shall drive a thousand spindles. Nature nourished, ages ago, the fuel piled up in our hill-sides to be set alight with a match to drive the wheels of myriad workshops, and feed the million fires of commerce and the arts. We speak of a provident nature, realizing a certain sense of design in the accumulation of force to be expended for the behoof of man. This manifestation of intelligent design we recognize as Providence, and so thoroughly are we, for the most part, convinced of a beneficent design, that the devotee of nature is slow to admit aught else. The lightning, which strikes down a man in the prime of his life, in the acme of a useful career, may bring a thousand blessings with its fire bolt.

To the confirmed optimist, the greatest human misfortunes are blessings in disguise; a curse, an anachronism, and pitiless destiny is a yearning, brooding breast of love above us. The happiness for which we are all striving is heightened by the sharp contrast of another's misery. Our pleasures are all intensified, if not entirely due to our past experience of pain and sorrow.

One of the most strikingly marked of human attributes is that of providing for the future, of gathering up some reservoir of force to subserve an important purpose long after the particular act or series of acts which gave it birth. Thus men clear forests and plant vineyards and orchards, found colonies and cities, establish schools, hospitals, and churches to be enjoyed, perhaps, by their remote posterity only. We love to imbue institutions with a quality partaking the nature of vitality—a self-sustaining and renewing force; we lovingly write "*Esto perpetua*" upon the walls we build, with something of the fond folly of the tyro in mechanics for the elimination of perpetual motion.

When man founds a family, he would place it upon a tramway and supply it with such an engine at starting as will keep it going for all time with the least possible friction, granting to his posterity the labor or privilege only of occasionally turning a crank or pulling a string.

The social engine which he builds is what we call capital, property, or wealth. It represents so much labor or force of mind or body, the proprietorship or possession of which must be guaranteed by society, and then it becomes endowed with a kind of attraction like that of matter for matter, and accumulated money draws money. If I am living in a community of savages, and I alone am possessed of an ax, I can easily get my wood cut by the occasional loan of my treasure, provided, they will acknowledge and respect my proprietorship. So among the more advanced or civilized tribes of mankind, if I am possessed of capital, and loan it to my neighbor, it is by custom returned to me with usury, and is thus increased from year to year. In this way capital is self-sustaining, and money begets money; all its vitality is, however, derived from the permanency of a law or custom among men. Thus we see the wealth, which man accumulates for his heirs, is merely a grafting of his bud of promise upon a flourishing stock; it is trapping with his private mill-race some great natural sluice-way of a society which must continue. He imagines that he thus attains to something like independence of time and circumstance.

Society guarantees the possessions of individuals, although not obtained in the most defensible manner, even though it gives great power to the individual to oppress his fellows. It trusts in the immutable laws of compensation and its own healing powers, being well aware that it has at any time the ability to take care of itself. Individual power becomes greatly dangerous only when it is independent of law, or is not amenable to society.

Government, as instituted so far among us, is a complicated trap. The governed feel the necessity of an executive, and gather together all the strings of power, bringing them to one place, and putting them into one hand, so that a single intelligence may control the body-politic throughout its extent. An army which moves as one man, or as nearly as possible like a machine, with the impulse of a single will, with the least possible exertion or loss of time, is the highest perfection hitherto obtained in this direction. Such a mass of power becomes a terrible instrument of destruction. It would be equally wonderful in its effects when intelligently directed in the arts of peace. Among civilized nations such concentration of power, outside of strictly military operations, is rapidly becoming obsolete.

The human love for system and managing is very strong, and will probably never be eradicated. The individual citizen, as the center of

his family and the head of his business may be something of an autocrat, and develop as much system, both for the present and future, as will suffice to keep this God-given faculty of managing in exercise. He may labor to leave his children the inheritance of a name honored and beloved; to leave them wealth—the Archimedean lever, and may strive by careful training to render them a benefaction and power among their fellows.

Man is instinctively a trap-seller. He loves so to culminate materials and forces that by pulling a string he may perform a labor or discharge a blow at a distance either in time or place. We all labor to accomplish this, although we are often putting ourselves at the mercy of the unscrupulous who, from some impishness or perverseness of character, may set in motion the engine of destruction we have devised—as when the incendiary fires a city as a holocaust to the spirit of mischief, revenge, or plunder.

Man invents gunpowder, and concocts poisons as tools of usefulness in civilization, well knowing that they may often be turned to the most evil uses. Since the invention of fire-arms among men, the reign of brute force has steadily declined, and the equality of man becomes something more than an idea. Violent men are less prone to oppress the weak, when they know that the weakest is not powerless to exact immediate retribution by means of the weapons which civilization places in his hands. Thus in every direction the great law of compensation prevails, and weapons of offense become equally good for defense.

Men have a sure instinct to provide for their posterity a foothold, or scaffolding more or less elevated, and to secure a posthumous momentum for their family. They work at this as if there were no other immortality possible for them. It is this which makes the world richer to-day than it was last year. A tangible force is secured seemingly independent and outside of nature, but it is as strictly physical as any other. The only thing which is not is the idea among men which continues, as, for example, the proprietorship which is guaranteed by society to the individual or his heirs. This is the first step out of barbarism, and is the most sacred thing which attaches to civilization and culminates therewith. It was the first trait which separated man from the brute, and doubtless preceded speech. At any rate, the idea of worship exists among the lowest types of humanity. The first property known among men was doubtless something found—a shapely stone, perhaps, fitted to throw at bird or beast, or a fruit dropped from its tree. A "lucky find" is

still one of the most sacred titles. When man began to imitate and shape things for himself, he became a mechanic—a creator, and the work of his hands was regarded as peculiarly his own. Years after he dibbled the soil with a stick, and planted a seed, which became a tree, whose produce was also his.

The right of the strong to plunder the weak was another inalienable right—bestowed by nature. Man felt that the strength of his arm was his own, and was entitled to all it could bring. Then arose servitude, and royal and baronial distinctions among men. These sharply defined ideas became deeply grafted upon the institutions and customs of society: their influence still exists, and the written and unwritten laws relating thereto are the mile-stones along the ages marking the progress of humanity. Royalty was peculiarly sacred—established "by the grace of God," and loyalty was the pride and boast of the subject. How long it will be before the despotism of the old world, with its ages of sanction, shall die out, to give place to the modern idea of human equality before the law, it is impossible to say.

Notwithstanding our inability to foresee the future, we still continue setting our traps, and marking out lines of policy for ourselves, our families, and our country. We would cut the very ruts in which the family carriage is to move for generations to come.

In England, many of the important benevolent bequests of two or three centuries' standing, have become almost inoperative and generally ridiculous from being yoked to some effete idea or antiquated custom.

The ancient Egyptians hoped by building their lives into their pyramids, to bequeath their memory to the most distant ages; but the rains, suns, and winds of thirty centuries show that the silent forces of nature would in a few more centuries crumble these mighty monuments into dust, undistinguishable from that of the more perishable human bodies, to be blown about and mingled with the desert dust. But will the embodiment of a thought in civil or religious institutions among men longer withstand the forces of disintegration? Yes, we fondly hope and believe it will, but the history of the race does not satisfactorily prove this. A policy founded upon an idea must depend for its perpetuity upon the permanency of the idea, and the estimate of its importance by human minds.

Perhaps the only example of institutions kept up for ages in a nation as a settled policy, founded upon a philosophy cut and dried, and bequeathed from the remote past, has been among the Chinese, but it has been secured

through the dwarfing and gauging of the intelligence and life of a people, while every thought and aspiration is cut into lengths and shapes in the miter-box of inflexible custom.

THOUGHTS ON PRAYER

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of."

PRAYER is the Christian's lever. By it he removes mountains and sways worlds. Through its all-prevailing weapons, enemies are vanquished and temptations overcome; harvests for the Master are reaped and vital holiness is nourished. By it Elijah shut the skies and Daniel closed the lion's mouth; Samson shook the pillars of Philistia's temple and Peter was delivered from chains and prison. Under its magic influence sufferers have learned from "pain's dark well" to draw delight, and by its faintest whisper the soul is borne victorious through the roar of death's waters.

Prayer is the ladder on which contrition and gratitude climb godward, and on which descend grace and strength. On the golden ladder 'twixt earth and heaven waiting angels stand, carrying the myrrh and frankincense heavenward, and bringing down gifts to men.

The sad-hearted Peri, on her mission to earth, sought in vain for an acceptable gift to Heaven, till she gathered the tearful prayer of a sinner. Then she entered the gates with the triumphant shout upon her lips, of "Joy, joy forever!" Ah, how far transcending the richest gems of earth is the prayer of a contrite heart!

To the anxious inquiry as to "what is prayer," there comes to mind a quaint translation beautifully apropos:

"Tell him that his very longing
Is itself an answering cry,
That his prayer, 'Come, gracious Allah,'
Is my answer, 'Here am I.'
Every inmost aspiration
Is God's angel undefiled,
And in every, 'O, my Father!'
Slumbers deep 'a here, my child!'"

Eloquent words are not the necessary key to unlock heaven. The unuttered thought, the upward glance, the sigh, the tear, may be the very *royal purple* of prayer; and need no interpreter.

There is a growing danger in this age of bustle, care, and hurry, that the sweet privilege of prayer will be overlooked. The blossoms of faith, and love, and obedience will die, or, at least, be but stunted plants, without the enriching, stimulating influence of this unctuous oil.

That which first gave birth to the Christian life, must still feed it to keep it alive.

The silent ejaculation—those informal repasts which the soul may take at the banquet ever spread, are the Christian's highest privilege, thank God! but are not sufficient that the soul may make rapid growth. The stated hour and place should not be neglected if one would have the feet of the hind! If no sorrow tremble on your life's lid—if no needs fill your heart with a hungry longing, "pray for whom thou lovest."

"Let thy voice
Rise like a fountain, night and day,
Both for thyself, and those who call thee friend.
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

When earth's tempests rage and thunders roar, how calm the Christian's outlook, as he gazes from his peace-crowned summit! Ah,

Why should we do ourselves this wrong
Or others—that we are not always strong!
That we are ever overborne with care;
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious, or troubled, while with us is *prayer*,
And joy, and strength, and courage, are with Thee.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

IT is a bitter consciousness—none can tell how bitter but those to whom it has been given—when we are awakened from our youthful dream of happiness by some stern reality, and know that from henceforth it may never be indulged again—when an all-powerful, though all-merciful hand has passed over the beautiful vision we so fondly cherished, and its dazzling colors have faded beneath the touch, and we see that the form is the same, but the luster can never be recalled. We may have thought that our minds are ready for the change—we may have pictured it to ourselves, and sorrowed for the inevitable hour, and even prayed for strength to bear it—but the experience of one real grief will teach us what no preparation will impart. It will show us our own weakness, and the vastness of that mercy which stooped to share a nature endowed with such capacities for suffering. It will force us to look upon the unknown future with a chastened and thoughtful eye; and while it bids us bear thankfully in our hearts the remembrance of our early joy, as the type granted us by God of the blessings reserved for us in heaven, it will tell us that from henceforth the warfare of human life must be ours; and that, till the grave has closed upon our heads, we may hope but for few intervals of rest.



THE TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS.

FIERCELY on Salem's towers and hills
 The hot sun striketh down,
 The feverish pulse of Summer thrills
 The desert bare and brown ;
 As, spirit-guided, through the languid air
 Moves one sad Form, apart for fasting, strife, and prayer.

Nature hath no foreboding voice,
 No battle trumpets blow ;
 The heedless sons of men rejoice ;
 The mornings come and go ;
 But in that desert deadlier conflict nears
 Than where the chariots roll, or glance the glittering spears.

The lists are spread. In solemn tryst,
In God's eternal plan,
'T is here the Satan tempts the Christ,
As once he tempted man ;
And shall he triumph, as on Eden's field ?
Will here the mightier Adam cast away his shield ?

Why gaze we with such wistful eyes
That keenest strife upon ?
Why sing we, when to nether skies
The baffled fiend has gone ?
For us the fight is won, the victory wrought,
Whose issues stretch beyond the loftiest reach of thought.

Our hearts, forlorn and troubled, need
A tender priest and true,
Mighty with God to intercede,
But kind and human too ;
And Christ, in this his desert hour, reveals
The arm of conquering strength, the heart which warmly feels.

Vainly he tells of wound or scar
Who ne'er took sword in hand,
Idly he speaks of ocean's war
Who sees it from the strand.
The "visage marred" begets the sense of pain,
Our own tears give the power all other tears to explain.

So, Jesus ! in this school of scorn,
Though thou wert Son Divine,
The whispered sin, the troubling thorn,
The thought of shame were thine.
"Tempted in all points," be thy name adored
For this true humanness—our Brother, Savior, Lord !

Loving and faithful ! we require
Nothing apart from thee,
Anointed by this chrism of fire
Our true High-Priest we see ;
And boldly venture through life's 'wildering maze,
Brave because thou, O Christ, didst tread the self-same ways.

When perils round us threatening hang,
Or arduous duties press,
And yielding flesh would 'scape the pang,
Or make the trouble less,
By coward means ; we think of him who bore,
And spurned the unhallowed thought in song before.

When oft the harassed soul around
Presumption spreads her snares,
And captive leads the spirit, bound
With chain of needless cares—
"Thou shalt not tempt the Lord"—this word of power
Our souls shall weapon through the dark, deceitful hour.

And when the Tempter, bolder grown,
Suggests the atheist lie,
And bids us at his Moloch-throne
To pay our homage high ;

Humble, but dauntless, through our Lord's defense,
We speak the words rebuking—"Satan, get thee hence."

Most grateful, in the desert lone,
The rock its shadow flings ;
Most gentle, where the grass is mown,
The dew its coolness brings ;
And, after struggle, to the wearied breast
Earth hath no paradise so sweet as perfect rest.

So, when the demon-thoughts are fled,
Angels come trooping down
To fan the brow, and lift the head,
And bring the palm and crown ;
We see the vision, hear the approval given,
The master smiles "Well done"—and in that smile is heaven.

ONE MORE

ANOTHER golden head
By Death's chill breath laid low ;
Another fair one dead,
Under the Winter's snow.

Another vacant place
In hearts, and home, and love,
Fill'd once by youth and grace,
Now gone to rest above.

Another broken lyre,
Tun'd in the angel throng,
Rings with celestial fire—
Another hush in song.

Another pilgrim's feet
The blessed way have trod,
O'er Beulah's gold-paved street,
To peace and joy with God.

Another fair, frail bark,
No longer tempest-toss'd—
O, boatman, grim and dark,
Bring back the lov'd and lost !

Another mighty wave
Bore on its crested foam,
Back unto Him who gave
The light of hearth and home.

Another Spring shall wake
The dead—the fair, young flow'rs ;
The spell of Winter break,
With balmy April hours.

But naught shall wake our dead,
Save the last trumpet's sound—
Low lies her golden head
'Mid Greenwood's shade profound.

The resurrection morn
Shall break the dreamless sleep
Of those to glory born—
The friends for whom we weep.

Another golden sun
Shall rise and ne'er go down—
The goal in triumph won,
They'll wear the starry crown.

A DAY AT POMPEII AND VESUVIUS.

FEW excursions in the Old World will compare in interest with that from Naples to the exhumed Roman city of Pompeii, and the craters of Vesuvius. One long day affords ample time for visiting both, though of course not enough for minute studies. Six o'clock of a lovely morning in early May found a little party of fellow Americans driving rapidly through the narrow streets of this largest of Italian cities toward the rich and beautiful plain of Campania. This plain sweeps the southern base of Vesuvius, and in it are located the famous ruins of Pompeii. Two hours smart driving along the curve of this matchless bay brought us in view of the exhumed city whose site is somewhat higher than the ordinary level.

In ancient times Pompeii was situated directly upon the shore, but in consequence of the physical changes which the surrounding country has undergone, the ruins are found at present about two miles from the sea. There is nothing in their first appearance remarkably striking—nothing which starts such emotions as the traveler's first sight of Baalbek's lonely columns, or the huge propylæa of Karnak. There are no lofty or imposing structures of any kind to give grandeur to the view. Seen from a little distance there is not much to distinguish Pompeii from an ordinary village, and singularly enough this familiar appearance almost amounts to a positive illusion as we enter its gates and thread its deserted streets.

The manner of the city's destruction will account for this remarkable preservation of its ruins. Unlike Herculaneum, which was overwhelmed in the same eruption by torrents of liquid mud, Pompeii was buried under successive showers of ashes on which a soil was gradually formed. This fearful calamity occurred A. D. 79.

Pompeii remained concealed for about 1,669 years, till the ruins were accidentally discovered by an engineer who was employed in constructing an aqueduct to convey water to Torre. No particular attention was paid to the discovery until 1748, when the peasants were employed in cutting a ditch, and the process of excavation has since been pretty constantly prosecuted. On the day of our visit men were employed still digging, and it was interesting to observe different strata in the face of the smooth cuttings, and the sections of buildings and other remains still imbedded. More than half the city, comprising its better portion, has been already exhumed. Great care is taken by the government in preserving these interesting re-

main. In some cases roofs have been constructed to protect paintings and statuary, and the whole place, buildings, streets, forum, and all, are kept scrupulously clean.

Though without a resident population, Pompeii has a small police force, the legal custodians, who, for a small entrance fee, conduct visitors over the ruins, pointing out and explaining the important localities. Passing the gates, we can wander for hours through the streets, in whose solid stone pavements are the deep worn ruts of two thousand years ago. On either side are the long rows of buildings—private mansions, shops, inns, public baths, and stately temples—not greatly altered from their old look when Pompeii was the abode of a luxurious civilization, and a favorite resort of pleasure-seeking throngs from abroad. Many of the streets have elevated sidewalks, with large stepping-stones at the crossings.

If the exteriors of the buildings interested us, their interiors surprised us more. We entered the portal of the vast Amphitheater—more ancient than the Colosseum at Rome, estimated to accommodate 10,000 spectators—and visited the Tragic Theater, which, from its elevated position, escaped in a great measure the desolation which overwhelmed the plain. This was smaller, but still 5,000 could find room on its stone benches. There is a large inclosure, 180 feet by 147, which was occupied as a barracks. When first opened it exhibited many reminiscences of military life, besides containing a large number of skeletons. A hundred or more private mansions have been recovered, many of them large and retaining traces of their former elegance, giving one such an impression of Roman domestic life as can be obtained nowhere else.

The general arrangement of these dwellings is quite similar, though in dimensions and richness of detail and finish they greatly differ. After passing the doorway the visitor finds himself in a large ante-apartment, a sort of reception hall with a shallow tank and fountain of cistern. On the curbs of the cisterns are visible the indentures of the ropes used for raising the water. The floor is handsomely paved with marble slabs or mosaic. On either side are doorways opening into bed-chambers, where walls are often richly decorated with frescoes. Many of the finest of these wall pictures have been removed and placed in the National Museum at Naples. The larger and costlier houses have open courts, which were laid out as gardens, and around these are arcades with elegant marble columns. In several of these dwellings were beautiful fountains in niches of elaborate

mosaic and shell work. In one we observed the marble bust of the proprietor still occupying its wonted place in the ante-room. Other apartments were occupied as the dining-hall, often beautifully frescoed, the kitchen, etc. So sudden was the destruction there was little opportunity for escape. The remains of the unfortunate victims are exhumed with the ruins, and even the freshly cooked provisions for the family meal.

In the Museum at Naples we saw loaves of cake so natural looking as to tempt the appetite, together with dishes of fruit-nuts, with the meats partly exposed, varieties of pastry, and numerous other interesting relics. All were much blackened, but so preserved their original form as to be at once distinguished. We passed along several business streets with their shops and stalls. There were numerous wine-shops with marble counters, and the jars which contained the varieties of the liquor. In one place we entered a bakery and looked into its huge brick oven. Farther on was an apothecary's shop, where were found jars and bottles containing medicines. All branches of ordinary business have left their interesting relics here. We visited several public bath-houses, which form so important a feature in the old Roman life. They were often richly ornamented, and with mosaic floors.

But the place of greatest interest was the Forum, that center of ancient urban life. Here were the grandest temples, and the finest sculptures, and here thronged the citizens for business or pleasure. This was the focus of political and civic life, the scene of popular assemblies, judicial transactions, commercial negotiations, and public amusements. It is a large open space, answering to the modern *piazza*, handsomely paved; and with its colonnades and remains of noble temples is magnificent even in ruins.

From the Forum the Herculaneum street proceeds in curves to the gate of the same name about four hundred yards distant. On our way is a little modern structure, whose open door we enter. Here, in glass cases, are exhibited the petrified remains of several of the ill-fated victims. In one case is the body of a man, in another that of a female, the ring plainly visible on one of the fingers. But more interesting was the case which contained the stony forms of a mother and her daughter, found lying near each other in precisely the attitude in which the death-struggle left them, with their faces to the ground, and the daughter pressing her hand to her mouth and nostrils to keep out the suffocating gases. The features were not plainly discernible, but the forms and attitudes were fear-

fully natural and striking. Before passing the gate we mounted the wall, and from this elevation obtained a fine *tout ensemble* of the city, and a wide prospect of its environs.

Without the Herculaneum gate, and lining the paved Appian Way, is the "Street of the Tombs," the ancient cemetery of Pompeii. Here, on either side, are monuments of costly material and workmanship, with interesting inscriptions, and often with the statues or busts of the deceased owners. These tombs are so remarkably modern and familiar in their appearance we could hardly believe them to have been so recently dug out from the dust of ages. Along this street are situated some delightful villas or suburban residences, among them the celebrated mansion of Diomedes, so named from the tomb of M. Arrius Diomedes opposite. Near the garden gate of this villa were found the skeletons of the owner and his attendant, one holding in his hand the keys of the villa, the other carrying a purse which contained one hundred gold and silver coins of Nero, Vitellius, Vespasian, and Titus. Here our tour terminated; yet it would require days instead of hours to explore all the objects of interest in this wonderful place, and gather the knowledge they so strikingly afford of customs and manners during the proudest period of imperial Rome.

After lunching at the neighboring little Hotel du Soleil we resumed our carriage, and took the direct road to Vesuvius, preferring to make the ascent from this side. An hour's ride brought us to the base of the mountain, where we left our carriage and took to our feet. The day proved unusually favorable, with a fine breeze, and the temperature not at all oppressive. During the morning the heavy vapors had hung over the summit of the mountain, completely obscuring it, but by midday they had cleared away, revealing the places of the craters, rolling out from their depths wreathing clouds of white sulphurous smoke. Vesuvius, which is reported the most active volcano in the world, rises to a height of 4,800 feet. Within the past few years the cone has been reduced several hundred feet. Vesuvius is the representative of a more ancient and much larger volcano, of which the neighboring Monte Somma is a remnant. A great portion of the cone of the original mountain was blown up during the first recorded explosion.

There is no evidence of any volcanic activity down to the reign of Titus Vespasian, but in the first year of his reign occurred the terrible eruption which resulted in the destruction of the flourishing cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. It was at this time the elder Pliny lost his life,

and the event has been described by Pliny the younger who was witness to the scene. Since then many eruptions have been recorded. In 1862 one occurred, resulting in an immense loss of life and property, and one still later, in 1867. Vesuvius is said to present a magnificent spectacle when in action. In the eruption of 1777 jets of liquid lava were thrown up to the height of 10,000 feet, presenting the appearance of a column of fire; and in 1793 millions of red-hot stones were shot into the air, and then fell, covering nearly half the cone with fire.

For some distance our road took us through a thickly settled region, between thrifty vineyards protected by walls built of the lava. We soon came in sight of the vast bulk of the volcano, blackened and desolate, and promising some of the toughest sort of climbing. For 2,000 feet the grade is moderate, the path excellent, and the labor not at all fatiguing. At this elevation we found a nearly level tract of considerable width, where we halted and took breath. We then pushed rapidly on to the base of the cone, towering 1,500 feet above us, where the real toil of the ascent begins. It is *possible* to accomplish the task unaided; but under a mid-day sun in May it would be hardly prudent to attempt it. We were glad to accept the services of a guide, and taking an end of the rope flung over his shoulder, partly helped one's self, and partly allowed him to drag us up the ascent. The path, without any great deviations, was still quite winding, and being at an angle of forty-five degrees and over loose ashes and cinders, made the climbing toward the summit no pastime.

We snuffed at length the hot vapors, and passed over ground patched with efflorescences of sulphur. As we neared the summit the thick fumes excited us to coughing, and were well-nigh intolerable. All around us the ground was smoking, while here and there lay lumps of sulphur freshly ejected. Our guide now drew us aside toward a spot which appeared greatly discolored by these sulphurous deposits. "This," said he, "is the new crater." And true enough, we stood at length beside the fearful aperture, through which had escaped these mighty lava-streams and other volcanic materials, which, for months, had furnished such brilliant spectacles. It seemed hardly more than six feet in diameter, and would scarcely be noticed at all from a little distance. We approached the edge and, bending over, looked down into this terrific hole. We could see for perhaps thirty or forty feet. It seemed of unknown depth, its molten sides glowing with various and brilliant hues. Before our curiosity was fairly satisfied, a sudden puff

of hot vapor, blown in our very eyes, sent us reeling back.

Following our guide we proceeded a short distance further, to the old and principal crater at the summit of the mountain. This is a prodigious cavity, with broken edges and shelving sides, but the smoke was so thick it was impossible to penetrate it. We remained as long as we could endure the suffocating air, hoping it would subside and afford us a satisfying look, but were constrained at last to be content with what we had received. Not far from this crater is a place dignified with the appellation of the "Devil's Kitchen." It is simply a crevice in the rocks, from which the hot air exudes of sufficient intensity to cook an egg.

The view from the summit of Vesuvius, though not the principal object of the ascent, is still an abundant compensation for the time and trouble. There is a fine prospect of the mountain-slope, covered near its base with lovely villages and thrifty vineyards. Time and again these villages have suffered from the eruptions, yet the extreme fertility of the lands, yielding their three crops a year, tempts the people to brave the hazards and plant their homes within the very limits of destruction. Still beyond, the eye traces the broad and luxuriant plain of Campania—the ruins of Pompeii forming an interesting feature of the landscape, while the beautiful curve of the bay, with Sorrento and other villages on its shore, and far out seaward the isle of Caprae marking the entrance to this magnificent bay, complete a picture which has few rivals even in Italy.

Our descent was as swift and easy as the upward climbing had been slow and toilsome. Proceeding to a point where the side of the cone was extremely steep and the ashes deep and soft, we found it perfectly safe to run down the incline as rapidly as we could lift our feet. In seven minutes we reached the plateau at the base.

Dismissing our guides, who gave a parting cheer for "l'Amerique," insisting that our countrymen excelled all others in courage and strength, we retraced our path, and gaining our carriage, were coursing the busy thoroughfares of Naples, while the setting sun was yet gilding the heights of St. Elmo.

You may as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wise, by always reading. Too much overcharges nature, and turns more into disease than nourishment. It is thought and digestion which makes books serviceable, and gives health and vigor to the mind.

HARROW SCHOOL.

THE noted public schools of England are conducted substantially on the same principle, and any one of them will very fairly represent all. This is at least true as regards the branches of education pursued, and the grade of scholarship attained; and it is, in the main, true of the discipline and method. Many of them had a similar origin, having been originally founded by the beneficence of some private individual, and the most of them date back some centuries. It is likewise true that many of them are to-day answering a purpose almost entirely contradictory to that for which they were established. For example, the Harrow School was at first established as a parish free school, pre-eminently for the benefit of the poor; now it is a public school, and by a strange complication of circumstances has become almost exclusively a school for the rich. This is likewise true of some others; and we may perhaps say of them all, that they are conducted in such a manner as to do much toward excluding the poor from their benefits. In these respects, and some others, they have outgrown the purposes of their founders. There is nothing in the regulations of the schools purposely to exclude the poor perhaps, but the almost enormous expense attending them is quite as effectual a barrier as statutes could be. Another obstacle in the way of the poor is the principle of *class* which has thoroughly gotten possession of these schools. From parish schools, or otherwise small and humble schools, they have grown to be large public schools, patronized by the aristocratic and wealthy. These classes have better opportunity in England, and are much more disposed to tyrannize over the humbler classes than in America; and it is certain that they do establish a deliberate system of terrorism which is eminently successful in deterring the poor from attending. Parents in humble circumstances do not wish to subject their children to such treatment, and so deny themselves privileges which the founders of these schools designed for them. Aside from this there is the injury which would accrue to the poor from mere contact with those of larger means and more pretending manners—injury in the way of temptation to extravagance, and discontent with their own humble circumstances. The poor in England have a pride in this matter which is scarcely recognized in America. They no more wish to mingle with the rich than the rich to mingle with them. By a sentiment as deep-rooted as their civilization, the various classes avoid each other except when business compels

contact. And there are certain refinements of class, certain social distinctions, which an American can hardly comprehend, much less appreciate—which, however, those who have always felt their power instinctively recognize and accept. It is not difficult to see, among many social criterions, that money is the most common, and the one which will render a decision when every thing else fails. How universally, in these old civilizations whose seeds were sown in the feudalism of the Middle Ages, is this distinction of class according to external circumstances recognized, and how thoroughly have its roots penetrated every political and social fabric; so thoroughly that religion, and the broad philanthropy of a Christian civilization have failed to affect it! In fact, it is a serious question whether these distinctions are not multiplying—whether an old culture does not tend to establish the barriers, whether those transformations of modern Christianity, which in many respects tend to bring men together, do not in this respect actually tend to separate them.

A brief history of some one of the English public schools, with an account of its workings, will best give an idea of the same grade of schools in general. The most famous are Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Westminster, Charterhouse, and Shrewsbury. Of these, Eton and Harrow are perhaps the most noted, and have long been rivals. These schools, let it be understood, are entirely different, or have grown to be entirely different from the parish schools. They are called *public schools*; that is, pupils may attend them from all parts of the country, while the parish schools, which are generally much smaller, and of lower grade, admit pupils from the parish only. They correspond very nearly to the highest grade of boys' academies in our country, being without question the best schools of the kind in the United Kingdom; and when the children of the poor are by any means excluded from them, they can find no schools equally good elsewhere. During the year 1867 an official commission from France, headed by M. Demogeot, made a tour of England for the purpose of inspecting her public school system, and in their published report the preference is given to Harrow over Eton, although the latter is somewhat the larger. Harrow, then, may perhaps be safely taken as a representative of these schools.

Harrow, or Harrow on the Hill, as it was formerly called, is a fine village of a few thousand inhabitants, about ten miles from London, in a westerly direction. It is situated on a hill, as the name implies, and commands a view of



HARROW SCHOOL.

some of the finest landscape scenery in England. There is education in the very surroundings. Nature is ever the most successful teacher, and many a pupil has found his best and most enduring lessons in gazing down these dreamy valleys, variegated with green groves and hedges. Although containing much that has beauty and interest in itself, the village would probably not attract special attention were it not for the school, which has an enviable reputation in Britain, and has to an extent come to be known in foreign countries.

The Harrow School took its rise in the reign

of Queen Elizabeth, a period that gave an impetus to England in almost every direction, from which happily she has not recovered. In 1571 John Lyon, a wealthy yeoman of the hamlet of Preston, procured letters patent and a royal charter recognizing the school he intended to establish, and also certain statutes which he proposed for its government, also constituting the trustees of the property a body-corporate, by election among themselves forever, under the title, "The Keepers and Governors of the school called, and to be called, the free grammar school of John Lyon, in the village of Harrow

upon the Hill, in the countye of Middlesex." The charter sets forth that the original purpose of the founder was to establish a "free school" for the parish of Harrow, at the same time affording certain advantages to a limited number of others. The regulations drawn up by the founder himself show what his idea was. It is stated among them that "the school-master may receive, over and above the youth of the inhabitants of the parish, so many foreigners as the whole number may be well taught and applied, by the judgment and discretion of the governors. And of such foreigners he may take such stipend and wages as he can get, except that they be of the kindred of John Lyon, the founder, so that he takes pains with all indifferently, as well of the parish as foreigners, as well of the poor as the rich; but the discretion of the governors shall be looked to that he do." Another rule established, that the first thing to be done after assembling in the morning, and the last thing at night, shall be "to hear prayers distinctly pronounced by some scholar whom the master shall appoint," a regulation which yet remains in force, although the most of the others have necessarily been changed. With these regulations the school was formally opened in 1590, its founder dying two years later and leaving it to the management of others. He was buried in the nave of the Harrow Church, which crowns the hill, and a tablet above him contains the following inscription: "Heare lyeth buried the bodye of John Lyon, late of Preston in this parish, yeoman, decd. the 11th day of Oct., in the yeare of our Lord 1592, who hath founded a free grammar school in the parish to have continuance forever, and for maintainance thereof; and for releiffe of the poore, and of some poore scholars in the Universityes, repairinge the highways, and other good and charitable uses, hath made conveyance of lands of good value, to a corporation granted for that purpose. Prayers be to the author of all goodness, who maketh us myndfull to follow his good example."

Such was the small beginning of the present large establishment numbering between five and six hundred scholars. As first established the school was almost entirely classical, and it has retained the same character to the present day, being in this respect not at all different from the other public schools of England. In view of the fact that little else but Latin and Greek was taught, it is difficult to see how it could be of much advantage to the common people of the parish as a free school. Yet it was their school, and continued to be little besides a parish school until the middle of the seventeenth century. From this time, however, the charac-

ter of the school began gradually to change. Foreigners, as those scholars outside of Harrow are called, began to attend in large numbers, and these mostly of the wealthy and aristocratic classes. They were admitted on the strength of that short clause in the regulations of the founder, which provided that a number might be admitted, limited at the discretion of the governors. This small clause, which evidently had little importance in the mind of the founder, came in time to give a new character to the school. The children of Harrow, who were of course mostly in humble circumstances, were overpowered by the haughty foreigners, and soon ceased to attend the school, while the children of the poor outside of Harrow were effectually debarred by the increasing expense. That this was not submitted to without complaint may be readily suspected; and the feeling of injustice became stronger year by year, until, in 1809, after having long borne what seemed to them a great wrong, they applied to the courts for justice. A committee of the citizens brought a formal appeal before the Court of Chancery, which was argued before Sir Wm. Grant, and decided against them. This gave legal sanction to the change which had gradually come over the school, and lessened the probabilities that the spirit of the founder's purpose would ever be carried out. Sir Wm. Grant founded his opinion on the slight provision in the will of Mr. Lyon, by which the head master might admit foreigners to the school. Consequently, in his opinion, they could not be excluded. If their presence deterred poorer scholars from attending, it was an evil which the courts could not remedy. This seems to be conclusive, and the decision aided in confirming a change which had been for years slowly but surely taking place, so that a school which was originally rendered free for the benefit of the poor, has come to be managed almost exclusively for the benefit of the rich.

As before stated, this has in great part been accomplished by a system of tyranny which the more numerous and wealthy pupils have been enabled successfully to practice against the children of the parish, and by the enormous expense which has come to attach to the school. The regulations of the founder declare that the masters shall exact no tuition from the youth of the inhabitants of Harrow. This is rendered practically null by a provision of the governors which makes it necessary that all who attend the school shall have need of private tutors for certain specified purposes, and to these tutors, who are the masters themselves, they must pay an extravagant sum for their services. In this way the

master's fees are exacted from all scholars, and it is substantially no longer a free school. This and the tyranny of the foreigners prevent the poor people of Harrow from attending. The expense to those who live in one of the boarding-houses belonging to the school will more effectually exclude the poor outside of Harrow. Estimates made by those who have for years had children in the school, show that the lowest possible cost is \$1,200 per year, while more expensive houses make it, for those who prefer a higher style of living, as much as \$1,800 per year. Besides this there are extras which many scholars would wish to take, that will increase these several costs by at least \$100. It is eminently a school for the rich, and has become so entirely so that the poor of Harrow no longer, to any great extent, avail themselves of its advantages.

Yet it would be unjust to attach blame to any person, or set of persons, for this result. It seems to have been inevitably brought about by circumstances beyond the control of either the inhabitants of Harrow or the managers of the school. The clause admitting foreigners made it possible for outsiders to enter, and some law, whose history and workings no one can explain, has made Harrow one of those great educational centers of England to which wealthy pupils have flocked from all quarters. About fifteen years ago Dr. Vaughn, then the Head Master of Harrow, established in the school, or rather outside of the school, what is called an *English Form*, for the benefit of tradesmen's and farmers' sons, to answer this crying demand of the people of Harrow. Yet this is by most regarded as a shabby substitute, although made doubtless with the very best of purposes. The great objection soon became that this *English Form* is outside the school, and not in it, constituting no part of John Lyon's school, but being a thing by itself. This *English Form* has continued, however, to have an existence down to the present, although it is considered to be in a dying condition.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is nominally the highest officer of the school, and with him, as chairman of the Board of Governors, a final reference may rest. The Board of Governors are really the managers of the school, and correspond very nearly to what we would call a board of trustees. They are for the most part noblemen, who live in the vicinity of Harrow. This board has power to elect the Head Master, and with him to appoint the under masters. As the board consists of six members, the Archbishop of Canterbury, in holding the casting vote, has several times been called upon to

elect the Head Master. The candidates elected are not always acceptable to the boys. In 1771, when the office of Head Master became vacant, the celebrated Dr. Parr, then assistant master, made application for the position, but was refused, and Mr. Heath, an assistant from Eton, was chosen instead. Dr. Parr was very popular among the pupils, and the result was a general rebellion in his favor. Parades were instituted, doors were bolted against the new-comer, and the usual amount of demonstration indulged in, but the governors stood firm. Dr. Parr, too proud longer to serve in his old position, resigned and went elsewhere; so the school lost the greater man for the less. Lord Byron, when a pupil in the school, was leader of another rebellion against Dr. Butler, whom he continued to dislike for many years. This affair he has celebrated in a short poem, as follows:

ON A CHANGE OF MASTERS AT A LARGE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

"Where are those honors, *Ida*! once your own,
When *Probus* filled your magisterial throne!
As ancient Rome fast-falling to disgrace,
Hailed a barbarian in her *Cæsar's* place,
So you, degenerate, share as hard a fate,
And seat *Pomposus* where your *Probus* sate.
Pomposus, by no social virtue sway'd,
With florid jargon, and with vain parade;
With noisy nonsense, and new-fangled rules,
Such as were ne'er before employ'd in schools,
Mistaking pedantry for learning's laws,
He governs, sanctioned but by self-applause.
With him the same dire fate attending Rome,
Ill-fated *Ida*! soon must stamp thy doom;
Like her o'erthrown, forever lost to fame,
No trace of science left you but the name."

It is only necessary to say that *Ida* represents the Harrow School; *Pomposus*, Dr. Butler, whom he disliked; and *Probus*, Dr. Drury, of whom he was very fond. Byron, in after years, became ashamed of his injustice to Dr. Butler, who was indeed a very worthy man.

The Harrow School is in reality a boy's boarding-school. Each master is at the head of a house, which is the home of a certain number of boys, where they live and study, receiving assistance from their tutors. The school has a very fine nucleus for a museum, but has no library worthy of the name. The course of study is almost entirely classical, and covers rather more ground in this direction than that required to enter an American college. In the choice of classical authors a very wide latitude is allowed and exercised. No stated authors are uniformly read, except that Homer and Virgil are never omitted. The Head Master has power to assign such authors for elementary reading as he may deem best. It is only of late that mathematics has been at all required in the school, and even now the amount required is

very small, and the attention bestowed upon it any thing but satisfactory. Until the past year there was no attention whatever paid to the natural sciences. At present a professor is elected to this department, and the scholars may make them extra studies if they choose. This is a step toward a change of things, but the old status is still bearing sway so thoroughly that few step out of the usual classical routine. English literature and history are not studied at all, and the same is true of all other branches, which are usually considered necessary in American academies. According to the report of the French Commission, Eton is even more rigidly classical than Harrow, no provision whatever being made for the study of the sciences. It is stating no more than the truth to say that in the English public schools nothing is taught with any spirit or thoroughness except Latin and Greek. That reaction in opposition to classical study, which in our country has gone so far as to effect its exclusion from many of our public schools, and to propose its exclusion from the seminaries and colleges, has gone no farther in England than to allow other branches to be pursued in connection with the classics. We are either much too fast, or they are much too slow—perhaps both.

With the government of these public schools the masters have little or nothing to do. It is accomplished among the boys themselves by the system of *fagging*, which has come to be somewhat understood in our country. Those at least who have read Tom Brown's School-days at Rugby will be familiar with it. The gradation of the classes is by *forms*, as they are called; the third being the lowest, and the sixth, by a kind of common consent all over England, the highest. All necessary grades are reached by subdivisions between these extremes. The sixth-form boys constitute the governing body of the schools. Of these, the fifteen having the highest standing are called monitors, and exercise the chief control. They regulate the games, and compel the boys of the lower forms to participate in them; they preserve order at table and in class-rooms, regulate hours of study, and, in fact, both make and execute all laws necessary for the government of the schools. The governed have the abstract right of appeal to the masters, in case they feel aggrieved, but under the circumstances this is a right which will not often be exercised. The boys of the sixth-form exercise the right of corporal punishment, and in case of a willful trespass resort to the use of the cane, which process is called *wapping*. Boys rise to be monitors in the sixth form according to their

attainments, and the theory is that the oldest, best, and most advanced pupils occupy the position. But while this is true in theory, the contrary is sometimes true in practice.

For instance: A bright lad may reach this position while he is yet young, and leave boys much his senior in some of the lower forms. The result is that a small boy, in the discharge of his responsible duties as monitor, may sometimes be called on to "wap" one much older and larger than himself. If the larger boy resists, he must submit to be wapped by all the monitors in turn. The boys of the lower forms are virtually the servants of those in the sixth form, and must perform the most menial offices at their bidding. It is a part of their discipline to build fires for their rulers, black their boots, brush their clothes, make their tea, go on errands, and, in fact, do any thing they may be commanded. The sons of the nobility are not at all exempt from these menial offices. A merchant's son, in discharge of the solemn obligations resting on him, may find it his duty to give some young duke a thrashing, and then order him to black his boots to keep him from further mischief. Byron, in a poem addressed to the Duke of Dorset, makes mention of this system:

"Dorset! whose early steps with mine have stray'd,
Exploring every path of Ida's glade;
Whom still affection taught me to defend,
And made me less a tyrant than a friend,
Though the hard custom of our youthful band
Bade thee obey, and gave me to command;
Thee, on whose head a few short years will shower
The gift of riches, and the pride of power."

And a note by Byron himself says: "At every public school the junior boys are entirely subservient to the upper forms till they attain a seat in the higher classes. From this state of probation, very properly, no rank is exempt; but after a certain period they command, in turn, those who succeed."

The system is said to succeed well, as a general thing, but there are many complaints, and loud calls for a change. Such a system would certainly never be adopted as a new and desirable feature in the government of schools in these days, and we can only regard it as a relic of the distant past which there is no virtue in retaining. It needs not a second thought to satisfy one that putting such unlimited power into the hands of boys would only too frequently lead to the most cruel tyranny. That such has often been the case the history of these schools will abundantly show. The report of the French commissioners especially makes mention of shocking abuses at the Westminster school. A system of the most brutal cruelty was continually practiced. Most

stringent and unreasonable exactions were laid on the smaller boys, and in case of failure they were punished with kicks and cuffs in the most barbarous manner. A difficulty occurred at Winchester which occasioned a very general demand for the abolition of such a system, and the well-known Dr. Arnold, Head Master of Rugby, felt called upon to defend it in a long article in one of the periodicals. I doubt whether his arguments will be appreciated on this side of the water.

He says: "It is idle to say that masters can properly control so large a number of boys; it is impossible to have a sufficient number of masters for the purpose. And hence if you have a large boarding-school, you can not have it adequately governed without a system of fagging. Now, a government among the boys themselves being necessary, the actual constitution of public schools places it in the best possible hands. But I have said, what every one must be aware of, that the government of boys, like every other government, requires to be watched, or it will certainly be guilty of abuses. Those menial offices which were required of the juniors at Winchester, were only required of them because the attendance of servants was so exceedingly insufficient, and the accommodation of the boys, in many particulars, so greatly neglected. If you do not provide servants to clean the boys' boots, and supply them with water of a morning, or to wait on them at their meals, undoubtedly the more powerful among them, whether the power be natural or artificial, will get these things done for them by the weaker; but supply the proper attendance and all this immediately ceases. There will remain many miscellaneous services, such as watching the balls at cricket or fives, carrying messages, etc., which servants undoubtedly can not always be expected to perform, and which yet belong to that general authority vested in the boys of the highest form. They belong to that general authority, and are therefore now claimed as rightfully due, but if there were no such authority they would be claimed by the stronger from the weaker. For I assume it as a certain fact, that if you have two or three hundred boys living with one another as a distinct society there will be some to command and others to obey." This will scarcely be believed by those who hold that the best way to be rid of an evil is not to give it legal sanction.

Of the notable men who have attended the Harrow School we may say a few words. They include James Bruce, the celebrated Scottish traveler, in 1730; Sir Wm. Jones, in 1753; Lord Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel, Dr. Parr, Richard

Brinsley Sheridan, Theodore Hook, the wit, and Lord Byron; besides many of lesser note. The names of Byron, Peel, and Palmerston may still be seen cut with their own hands in large letters in the oak paneling of one of the rooms. Byron went to Harrow in 1801, and for some time declared that he hated the place, but after a little became entirely reconciled to it, and in after years referred to his schoolmates in terms of the warmest affection. His favorite resort was a spot near the summit of the hill, in the church-yard, looking down the valley toward Windsor Castle, where he used to lie on a flat tombstone, and dream away many of his boyish hours. Many of his early poems were written on this stone, and relic hunters began breaking it away to such an extent that it was necessary to surround it by a closed iron fence. This spot bears the deceptive name of "Byron's tomb." In many of his poems Byron has referred to Harrow. One entitled, "A Distant View of the Village and School of Harrow on the Hill," makes mention of this tombstone:

"Again I behold where for hours I have pondered,
As reclining at eve on yon tombstone I lay;
Or around the steep brow of the church-yard I wandered,
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray."

Another entitled, "Lines written beneath an Elm in the Church-yard of Harrow," looks back with longing sadness to his school days:

"Here might I sleep where all my hopes arose,
Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose:
Forever stretched beneath thy mantling shade,
Pressed by the turf where once my childhood played;
Wrapped by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
Mixed with the earth o'er which my footsteps moved;
Blessed by the tongues that charmed my youthful ear,
Mourned by the few my soul acknowledged here;
Deplored by those in early days allied,
And unremembered by the world beside."

WE all of us, in a great measure, create our own happiness, which is not half so much dependent upon scenes and circumstances as most people are apt to imagine. And so it is with beauty: Nature does little more than furnish us with materials of both, leaving us to work them out for ourselves. Stars, and flowers, and hills, and woods, and streams, are letters, and words, and voices, vehicles, and missionaries; but they need to be interpreted in the right spirit. We must read and listen for them, and endeavor to understand and profit by them. And when we look around us upon earth, we must not forget to look upward to heaven: "Those who can see God in every thing," writes a popular author, "are sure to be good in every thing." We may add with truth, that they are also sure to see beauty in every thing and every-where.

A GREAT MASTER AND HIS GREATEST WORK.

"WHOSE monument is this?" asked the king.

"It is the monument of St. Sebald?" answered the sexton.

"And who was the master who made it?"

"Peter Vischer, a worker in brass, who lived here."

"Not so; it is the monument alone of Peter Vischer himself, of whom the world will speak long after St. Sebald has been forgotten."

The one who spoke these words to the sexton of St. Sebald's church was that brave Protestant, Gustavus Adolphus, who, in 1632, was taxing his genius to the utmost to destroy the army of Wallenstein, encamped before his own at Nuremberg. But long before either Wallenstein or Gustavus Adolphus saw the light, Nuremberg was celebrated for its progress in art, and especially for its working of brass. St. Sebald had been the chosen patron saint of the city, and legends connected with his life had been circulating for centuries throughout Germany, and, indeed, all Europe.

The story of his life, as related by Roman Catholic tradition, is as follows: A Danish king once had a son, who was called Sebald, and at the time of the Frankish King Pepin, and his great son Charles—Charlemagne—was a pious student, in Paris. His parents, however, called him home. Arriving there, they told him that, as his energies must be devoted to his country, he must now be married. In his simplicity and wish to discharge his duty toward them, he submissively asked what lady he should choose. A pause followed, and while all were silent, a swallow which was flying above their heads let fall a single brown hair of some woman, which, as the story goes, was a providential indication that the original possessor of this hair was to be his wife. Thousands of beautiful girls, from Paris to Denmark, declared the hair to be theirs, and as it was impossible to tell the one to whom it had belonged, Sebald was left to choose for himself. But he selected one at whom the whole Danish nation shook its head, and who caused his royal parents extreme grief. But nothing could move Sebald from his choice, and the time was fixed for the wedding. When the evening came, he led the young lady into the great room where they were to be married; but he suddenly left the gay assemblage before the ceremony was performed, and went far off into the forest, and lived there as a hermit. He continued this life for fifteen years. Finally he left the wilderness and made a pilgrimage to

Rome. During his long solitude, as the story further goes, he cured many crippled people by means of his prayers, and he often received miraculous gifts of wine and bread with which to supply the wants of the needy. After receiving the Pope's blessing in Rome, he went northward again, and preached the Gospel to the Germans north of the Danube. He cured the blind, the lame, and the dumb, and fed the hungry. His companions were Saints Wilibald and Wunibald. When he came with them to the Danube, they found that the ice had torn away the bridge, but Sebald spread his cowl upon the water, jumped upon it, and was borne over the mad torrent to the other side, while his companions were weeping in the greatest sorrow, expecting him to be carried off and drowned. Having reached the other side of the river in safety, he went into a peasant's cottage, and learning from its humble occupants that they had just lost a pair of oxen that were crossing the bridge which was carried away by the ice, he performed a miracle by immediately restoring them. Sebald then went barefooted into Franconia, and traveled until he reached the Lawrence Forest, near Nuremberg, when he stuck his pilgrim staff in the ground and built his hermitage. His two companions followed him, and the three lived together there. The fame of his astonishing miracles soon spread throughout the country, and he was visited by the diseased and lame for many miles around. He often went to Nuremberg, where he was greatly beloved, and where the people fairly bowed before him through reverence for him. While in the very vigor of his years, he felt the approach of death, and announced, as his last will and testament, that after his death his body should be drawn by the oxen which he had miraculously restored to the peasant living on the bank of the Danube, and that he should be buried on the spot, or near by, where they stood still of their own accord. His friends determined that his request should be carried out to the letter. His body was inclosed in a coffin, and placed in the wagon, drawn by the peasant's oxen. They immediately left the hermitage in the Lawrence Forest, and took the road leading to Nuremberg. Arriving there they proceeded up the main street of the city until they came before St. Peter's Chapel, not far from the Castle, when they voluntarily stood still. Accordingly, Sebald found his resting-place in that homely little wooden chapel, where his body remained until the chapel was struck by lightning, and was burned to the ground, from which, however, his coffin, with its precious contents, was



PETER VISCHER AND HIS FOUNDERY.

rescued and taken to the neighboring cloister of St. Ægidien. But Sebald was not satisfied to stay here, for during the first night that his body was removed, he returned to the spot where he had lain before. Being rescued again, he showed the same unwillingness to

submit to the arrangement of his friends by returning again. Consequently, nothing else could be done to satisfy his admirers but to build a splendid church there. This was the origin of St. Sebald's Church, the place where Peter Vischer's masterpiece is to be seen today in all the beauty and magnificence which it had when Gustavus Adolphus looked upon it.

Many miracles are alleged to have taken place through the agency of Sebald after his death as well as before it, and after the people of Nuremberg had chosen him for their patron saint, the Pope of Rome was prevailed on to issue a bull declaring him a saint, which he did in 1424.

Peter Vischer was a staunch Catholic; for Luther's voice had not yet been heard ringing through Germany. A perfect devotee to his art as well as to his Church, Peter Vischer had scarcely learned the art of casting brass before he became animated with the wish to rear a monument of the tutelary saint of the city worthy of the miracles alleged to have been performed by him, and one that would be a model for all time to come. While he was yet an apprentice—in the year 1488—he drew the plan for his monument to St. Sebald, and no one knows how often he looked at that plan, and how many hours he spent in maturing it, for nearly twenty long years passed by before he touched the work of which the plan was the beginning. In the mean time the young man traveled through Italy, and in all parts of Europe to which his humble means would take him, where he could study the finest productions of art. It was thirteen years that he and his five sons labored unceasingly at this one work, but at last he could write at its base these words: "Peter Vischer, a citizen of Nuremberg, made this work in company with his five sons, and it was completed in the year 1519; for the praise of God Almighty alone, and the honor of St. Sebald, Prince of Heaven, by the aid of pious persons, paid by their voluntary contributions."

For the benefit of those who have never walked through the quaint streets of Nuremberg, and have never spent an hour in looking at Vischer's masterpieces, I will give the general outlines of the monument which he reared to the saint. The whole monument is in the richest style of Gothic architecture, made entirely of bronze, and is divided into three parts; the lowest part constituting the base on which the silver-cased coffin of the saint rests. This is surmounted by a colonnade, over which is the dome, crowned by an image of Christ. The entire monument is fifteen feet high; its length eight feet and seven inches, and its breadth four feet and eight inches. Its cost was two

thousand, four hundred and two guilders, six hellers, and ten pfennigs. There are ninety-six figures in all, each one being of perfect symmetry and of exquisite beauty. The finest of them are the Twelve Apostles, which serve as pillars for the support of the dome; while above them, on columns, are twelve smaller figures representing the Church Fathers. There are also about seventy fanciful representations scattered over the different parts, among flowers and foliage, of cupids, mermen, animals, etc. The miracles of the saint are recorded, in bas-reliefs, under the coffin, of which an English writer says: "Those on the north side represent the miracles of St. Sebald on his return from Italy to Germany, when, perishing with cold, and finding no fuel in the cottage where he took shelter, he placed an icicle on the fire—which burnt like coal—and afterward mended a broken kettle by blessing it, at the request of his host; on the south, his conversion of a stone into bread, and rescue of a man whom the earth was swallowing alive, on account of his having doubted his inspiration as a prophet." In a niche of the base, facing the altar, there is a full-length figure of St. Sebald, though very small, while on the other side there is a miniature statue of Peter Vischer himself, in a mason's dress and apron, holding in his hand a chisel. The whole fabric is supported upon swails.

Now, let us look at the artist himself. The humble street in which he lived used to be called St. Catharine's Street, but it afterward received the name of Peter Vischer's alley, and the house where he lived is marked "L.—No. 761;" and whoever entered the large covert could tell in a moment by the thick volume of smoke rushing out of the chimney-top that some worker in brass or iron lived there. Peter Vischer, like a patriarch of the Old Testament, had all his family close around him. His five sons were his assistants in his labors, and though only one of them—Hermann—distinguished himself in the world of art, they were all equally faithful in rendering service to their industrious father. Their names were Peter, Hermann, Hans, Paul, and Jacob, all of whom were married, and they and their families lived in the same house with their father. But Peter Vischer's labors were so numerous that his native city did not monopolize the creations of his genius, but other German cities, such as Breslau, Magdeburg, Bamberg, and Regensburg, and many other places, ordered statues or monuments from his foundery, and to this day those works are among the most celebrated of their class in the world. But as to the artist

himself, many of the facts of his life can not be ascertained. The year of his birth is not even known, his biographers placing it at different times between 1456 and 1460; and it was only as late as 1830 that it was discovered that he died on the 7th of January, 1529.

Peter Vischer's life and works fell in the last and most splendid period of the Middle-Age glory of Nuremberg. The most splendid ornaments which that city now has, date from his day, or even from an earlier time. First of all, there stands Albert Durer, whose fame as a painter, wood-carver, and copper-plate engraver extended throughout Europe. In his shop there worked Hans Burgmeier, Schäuffelin, Altdorffer, Kulmbach, and others. Even his old teacher, Wohlgemuth, was still at work in his studio. The sculptor, Adam Krafft, the carver, Veit, and the glass-painter, Hirschvogel, ornamented the churches and houses of the wealthy citizens with their great works of art; the popular poet, Hans Sachs, the learned Pyrkheimer, and the fearless traveler and cosmographer, Martin Behaim, reflected the luster of their names upon their paternal city. Even Peter Hele's first pocket-watches—which went by the name of "Nuremberg Eggs"—belong to the beginning of this period—an age when wealthy citizens throughout Germany regarded it as their highest honor to place their sons under the care of these men of genius. Above them all stood the German Emperor of that day, the knightly Max, who often sojourned in Nuremberg, and who frequently said, as he looked down from his castle upon the men of genius working in the city below him, "I can make a nobleman of every peasant, but I can not make an artist out of any nobleman."

Peter Vischer, as he drew near to the close of his life, and his name spread further and further, was visited by all kings and noblemen passing through Nuremberg. They always found him in his humble shop, surrounded by his sons, as simple in his habits and appearance as any peasant in the country. The names of many men of rank of that day, who took off their hats as they entered the low doorway of his workshop, have long since been forgotten, but the humble, gifted Master Vischer will not pass into oblivion until men shall have ceased to admire his masterpiece, the Monument of St. Sebald.

It is with our thoughts as with our flowers—those that are simple in expression carry their seed with them; those that are double charm the mind, but produce nothing.

AMONG THORWALDSEN'S STATUES.

IT was Thorwaldsen especially who had drawn me to Copenhagen. For nowhere else are his works found together in such completeness as in the Thorwaldsen Museum at Copenhagen, which, in a style reminding one at the same time of both Rome and Egypt, has been erected to him as the most fitting mausoleum of the great master. In Thorwaldsen has the sculpture of antiquity celebrated its resurrection more even than in Canova or in any other of the moderns. When one wanders through the corridors of the halls of this solemn building, and lets all the fullness of Thorwaldsen's works pass before his eye and mind—all the busts and statues, with the fresh vivacity and naturalness of attitude and expression, which were characteristic of him, the monuments in which he knew how to bring to so vivid expression the gradual progress of sorrowful human experience, from quiet sadness to passionate outburst of grief—all the reliefs in which he is an unrivaled master, especially that celebrated Alexandrian march in whose rich fullness is made to pass before our soul a whole drama of history in its striking contrasts of the triumphal joy of life, and an enervated, broken existence, and in the strange contradictions of the intensest action and haunting tradition, and those wonderfully beautiful reliefs, Night with her Children, Death and Sleep, and Day with the Breaking Light, which might vie with any antique—when we let all this pass before us, then can we see plainly that Thorwaldsen lived and moved in the world of antiquity. Here he was at home, from here he brought his inspiration, here he moved with the fullest freedom of a son in the house. As a true son of antiquity he is a master of form. There is peculiar to him a certain lightness and naturalness of movement, a beauty, simplicity, and a flow of the lines of the body and the drapery, a clearness and transparency of idea and perception, so that he in it all is surpassed only by antiquity itself, but is equaled by no modern. Here is a versatility and perfection of form through which the struggle of the glowing conception with the opposing substance, which must at last yield to the overmastering spirit, does not make itself apparent as with a Michael Angelo. With Thorwaldsen, idea and form are so inseparably one that he seems to have had no consciousness at all of difference or antagonism; but over all his figures is poured, if I may so express it, a breath of form-beatitude, as it only meets us in the figures of antiquity. But in one respect he surpasses the antique—in a deeper inwardness of the subjective life

which here finds expression, even in the inspirations which are drawn directly from antiquity. Yet we recognize in him the son of the German North, of the world of feeling, who has only just established himself in that world of the south, and of its beautiful, harmonious forms.

When to such a one the greatest and loftiest theme of Christianity—Christ and the apostles—is presented as a problem, how will he solve this problem? It is of the greatest interest to see how Thorwaldsen presses into the service of the Christian idea the resources of his classic culture. He has solved this problem in a truly wonderful way. In order to gain the full impression of the significance of Thorwaldsen's figures, one must see them in the Church for which they are designed, and not at first in the Museum, however deserving their claim may be here.

On a communion day during the week I visited the Frauenkirche, whose adornment those great figures form. I had purposely chosen this day. I wished, in order to gain a full and complete impression, to see the statues with the appropriate accompaniment of the most solemn act of the divine service. I had gone in a half hour before to observe the statues singly, wishing to receive their joint effect during the communion service, and afterward to turn again, finally, to the contemplation of the separate figures.

I was peculiarly struck during this sacrament, by observing the still existing connection between the Lutheran Church and the Catholicism of the Middle Ages, as the Reformation has preserved it. When the clergyman had approached the altar in the simple black pastor's dress, there, before the altar was put on the flowing alb, and over it the priestly stole of violet velvet, with gold-embroidered cross on the breast and back, and after the ceremony these were taken off again before the altar. This was repeated also at the altar service on Sunday. Nobody takes offense at it, or sees any thing Romish in it—to the Churches of the Scandinavian North this is a venerated tradition of antiquity. But, really, these hereditary forms seem less fitting when, before and after the ceremony, the pastor, in his common dress-coat, mounts the steps before the congregation and holds a discourse. Then the edifying formal speech presses itself in an awkward, modern fashion into the symbolism of the service, and makes the old transmitted traditions seem a fragment out of a gone-by time.

The style of the church is antique, with the columns of which the white marble statues admirably harmonize. I was much impressed as

the figures of the holy apostles looked down earnestly and sympathetically upon the assembled and devout worshipers. In the dark altarniche stands the massive statue of Christ with hands outstretched to receive. Before the altar kneels an angel, who holds the baptismal bowl—the gracious water of life which comes from above. In the nave of the church stand at both sides by the columns the twelve apostles. They begin with Paul and Peter, and are arranged in pairs, each individual of which, if I rightly understand, presents a marked contrast to the other. I may be permitted to try to represent in words something of the manifoldness of thought and feeling expressed in these figures.

Peter and Paul form thus, at the head, the first contrasted pair. With a vigorous movement of the head to the side, more strongly sidewise than any other is turned, Peter seems to listen to the commission which he has quickly determined to execute. His left hand holds high and firmly his garment, that it may not embarrass him in the work which engages him; the right holds fast and resolutely the key, the symbol of his calling and its dignity. The curly hair betrays quickness of feeling, the vigorous form reveals the man of deeds; every thing shows impetuosity, decision, and the mission of action.

If Peter is the man of action, so is Paul the teacher. On his countenance are seen spiritual repose, restful purity; his features show secure assurance of victory; the whole form has something noble; I might say, is nobility itself; the right hand is raised as if in teaching, and its motion says, "This can not be otherwise;" the mouth is opened as in speaking; the eye has a stern look which, with strong determination, silences all contradiction.

The next two are Matthew and John. Matthew is the careful reporter. He attends scrupulously to what is said to him; the mouth is firmly closed as with one whose thoughts and energies are all directed to an appointed business—here the business of writing. The somewhat large, heavy under lip seems to betray phlegm; this apostle has only to receive and to render again exactly what is committed to him, not to originate any thing from his own thoughts. But that which he hears is the blessed story of salvation for the whole world; the angel who is bowed at his side is lost in adoring contemplation of this revealed mystery.

How utterly different is John, opposite him! He is the man of inspiration. His spirit is lifted into the world of eternity, absorbed in its intuitions, entirely lost in that which is known to him from above. That which occupies him



THORWALDSEN'S ST. JOHN IN THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY COPENHAGEN.

is not the facts of the external world which the senses perceive and hold fast, but mysterious existence itself—the mystery of deity. He is not the writer of history, but the prophet; the prophet even in historical narrative. Not by tradition does he learn what he is to recount, but that which he is to share with others is imparted to him by inspiration. While, with all the other figures, the head is somewhat inclined, that of John is lightly lifted. His face

is youthful, but without weakness or sentimentality. It is the man in the youth, but with less individual expression than the others. For he is entirely lost in the contemplation of the divine mystery—God manifest in the flesh. *

The third pair is Philip and James, the brother of John. Philip is a sorrowful figure. The mouth is sorrowfully parted, the head sadly bowed at the side. Grief on account of the world, so hostile to the messengers of Christ,

this is what has so strongly moved his weak nature. For a weak nature dwells in this figure, and betrays itself even in the smooth hair parted like a woman's. Here all energy is overpowered by sorrow.

James, on the contrary, is the man of joyful confidence, who makes his way through the world without loitering. The pilgrim hat is thrown over behind, his left hand has just flung his mantle around him, the right holds the pilgrim's staff, the left foot just lifting itself for walking, the whole figure pressing forward. It is a superb representation, in the presence of which one's heart becomes glad and free. And yet a gentle sadness rests on his brow, and the mouth has a slightly sorrowful expression. The head is turned sidewise toward the place which he is leaving; toward Jerusalem he looks, indeed, with a sad earnestness, yet once more backward also, while he goes out into the world to proclaim the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Next, after these two, are James, the son of Alphaeus, and Andrew. The face of this James has an evident resemblance to that of Christ. Something extremely tender is diffused over this beautiful figure. One perceives at once the mild, gentle disposition. But it lacks strength. James is weary from his pilgrimage—the knees are slightly drooping, the left hand is supported on his strong staff, the right is laid wearily over the left arm—he is reposing from the heavy toil of his vocation, even the soul rests and abates its force.

Andrew forms the contrast to this. Here every thing is quiet firmness; indeed, one might almost say defiance. Even the outward form; the broad, somewhat high shoulders, the short neck, the firm, broad head, as he stands there leaning on his inclined cross, as if his instrument of torture were the weapon of his triumph, he seems to bid defiance to the whole world and its power. Every thing which the world may attempt recoils from this immovable firmness like the lances of the Trojans from the broad breast of Ajax.

The next are Thomas and Judas Thaddeus. The forefinger of the right hand laid thoughtfully against his cheek, Thomas stands there as if his reflection did not know how to come to a conclusion. He is lost in his thought without finding any way out of it to the light of certainty. This gives him at the same time the expression of deep thought and of melancholy. But to Judas Thaddeus, over against him, all doubts of the mind, and all the riddles of the world, are solved in the devotion of the ingenious soul. Embracing with the left arm, as if it were a dear friend, the halberd that is to slay

him, his hands are folded in prayer, and his whole appearance, even to the quiet lines of the drapery, declares the silent surrender of the childlike heart, and the peace of God which dwells in his soul. His whole life—that one plainly sees—is a life of prayer, and upon the brow and the whole face beams the cheerfulness of the prayerful. This is the true answer to the problems which trouble the mind of Thomas.

Bartholomew and Simon Zelotes form the last pair. Bartholomew's bald head and furrowed face indicate his advancing age, but the number of his years has not diminished his strength. With undisturbed calmness he contemplates the knife in his right hand, the sign of his martyrdom, but around his mouth there plays an expression as of compassionate sympathy with his poor deluded persecutors, who suppose they are able by outward force to bring to naught the kingdom of God, and as if he would ask the question, "What can men do unto me? They destroy the body, but the kingdom of God remains."

Simon Zelotes, with both hands leaning upon his instrument of torture—the saw—shows at a glance the contrast of his nature and disposition to that of Bartholomew. His countenance betrays natural weakness, which is entirely overruled by the feeling of sorrow. There is something inexpressibly sad in his face; he is as if sunk in boundless sorrow—the transcendent sorrow that takes possession of his soul when he thinks that all the infinite love and mercy of God are lavished on the world in vain, and are answered only with hatred toward his messengers. That is the tragic ending.

What a scale of sensibilities! What fullness and variety of thoughts and dispositions! But common to all is the earnestness which, with individuals, descends to the deepest sorrow, and the feeling also of the weight of their calling as it presses upon them and expresses itself in the lines of their foreheads, but which has always for its background the resolution to live and to die for their Lord and Master.

It is not difficult to see that the artist who fashioned these figures has passed through the school of antiquity, but not less that he has overstepped antiquity in representing the Apostles of Jesus Christ. Even in externals this is seen.

The heads throughout are fashioned larger than is usual in antique sculpture. Even the drapery has the usual type of Christian art. How conscious he is of this the changes, which he has made in individual statues, show! These are especially characteristic in that of Andrew.



THORWALDSEN'S CHRIST.

The early model looks, in the partially undraped form, more like a Grecian philosopher or rhetorician. In the finished statue he has completely abandoned these suggestions. This, like the rest of the apostles, being completely draped, and, indeed, in such a way that the drapery is always a characteristic expression of the thought which he embodies in the individual form; it is not a mere covering for the figure, but the figure itself. But that which

most truly gives to these figures the Christian stamp, is the expression of the inward soul—life in which is represented the whole manifoldness of the thoughts and affections as they filled and moved the mind of the disciples of Christ, in their mission in the hostile world. This gives to these forms a significance unknown to antiquity.

How Thorwaldsen personally stood related thereto does not here concern us. It is enough

for us that the poetic power of his artistic genius made it possible for him to transport himself into this Christian world of thought and experience, and that so was he able to create forms in which is represented the noblest circle of men which the world has ever seen.

But the figure of Christ? This certainly looks strange to us at first. The bare right shoulder, the rest of the body more as if wrapped in a cloth than veiled by drapery, on account of which the lower half of the body almost becomes somewhat meager—all this has, at the first glance, something disturbing. And yet one becomes gradually reconciled to this figure. To be sure, one must not see it in a small copy and in any place one chooses, but in the majestic greatness which it has here, and in its place in the church above the altar. I believe it easily to be understood why Thorwaldsen so conceived Christ as he is here realized. Can one represent a Christ as a statue? Much rather, in any case, in painting? For Christ must always be something symbolized—never a merely historical representation. This is much more easily expressed in painting than in the bodily form of a statue. Thorwaldsen has sought to make his statue of Christ the expression of an idea. The apostles are conceived in their historical calling. As we think of them in their earthly life, so they stand before us.

The form of Christ is an ideal representation. It is not Jesus as he walked upon the earth, it is not the Son at the right hand of the Father, but it is the embodiment of the Gospel. Therefore is also not given to him a garment such as he, perhaps, in reality wore, but only a covering thrown lightly around him. Therefore is the right shoulder and side bared that the wound in the side may be seen. If this touches us strangely at the first moment, so is the immediate feeling as soon sacrificed to the thought. The strong inclination of the body forward, the outspread arms, the open hands, even the width of the enveloping mantle—all this has something of tender overture, of invitation, of readiness to receive. It is as if he is calling to sinners and to the poor: "Come hither! come hither, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest!"

This is the sermon which this figure holds. The Christ of Thorwaldsen is only this word translated into form—is the Gospel in embodied representation. To be sure, one may ask whether this Christ bears in himself the fullness of that which is distributed to the individual apostles according to the different phases

of the soul's life, so that he seemed as the sun from which all these received their light.

Surely this Christ looks too poor to be the fountain of such affluence as deeply impresses us in the wonderful harmony of the Twelve. But his poverty is the poverty of the compassionate heart. This Christ is the revelation of divine mercy—not majesty, not almightiness, not divine exaltation, but tenderness and compassion.

It is not a Romish but an Evangelical Christ. Yet it does not lack greatness. When the priest stood at the altar—the servant of Christ at the feet of this towering form—then indeed did he appear as the Master in whose service stands puny man; and when the congregation came forward to the sacrament, and Christ stretched out to them his arms as if he would receive them, then I first fully understood Thorwaldsen's Christ. He himself is present in the holy ordinance, and we approach him, and he will himself feed us in the sacrament by the hand of His servant—this is the deepest meaning of this sacred form above the altar, by which the artist has expressed the mystery of his Church, and has devoted his art to the service of Him whom all serve, and to whom even the natural gifts and powers of men must do honor.

THE LAST OF THE MOGULS AND HIS EMPRESS.

THE beautiful steel engraving at the commencement of this number gives a faithful picture of the wife, or, rather, one of the wives, of this old gentleman—the last of "The Great Moguls." Her name is Zeenat Mahal—the Ornament of the Palace—which was conferred upon her when she was married to the Emperor in 1833. She was then sixteen years of age, and he was sixty—a disparity by no means uncommon in a land where polygamy prevails, and where such prejudice exists against marrying a widow, no matter how young or fair she may be. Her sexagenarian husband had other wives than Zeenat Mahal, but the beautiful and ambitious girl soon gained a complete control over the mind and heart of her aged lord, and this was made all the more influential when she had added the claims of a mother to the attractions of a wife.

Then commenced those intrigues, which she carried on up to the year 1856, to secure the succession to the throne for her child, Mirza Jumma Bukht, to the exclusion of Mirza Furruk-oo-deen, the elder son, whose prior claims the English Government recognized and sus-

tained, as in duty bound. Her hostility to British influence, therefore, became intense, and her hopes of gaining her object were identified with the efforts of the Sepoy conspiracy to overthrow the English power in India. Poor lady! she utterly failed, and she and the son for whom every thing was risked are to-day wanderers in a foreign land, with the bitter reflection of the utter desolation which has overwhelmed the dynasty of which she thus became the last empress. She is the daughter of the Rajah of Bhatneer, a territory about one hundred and eighty miles north-west of Delhi.

The portraits of the Emperor and Empress here presented were painted on ivory by the Court portrait-painter twenty years ago, and are beautiful specimens of native art, and very correct likenesses of both.

Speaking of Delhi and painting reminds me of a whimsical incident told of Akbar Shah, the father of the Emperor here presented. A more venerable-looking man than he was it would be hard to find; and had he been educated and brought up among his fellow-men, he might have had a mind worthy of his personal appearance. But he was kept by his mother in the seraglio until he ascended the throne. His want of education and the mental imbecility to which his habits and training had reduced him, left him all his life a mere baby. After his reign began the Rajah Jewun Ram, a celebrated portrait-painter, was employed to take his Majesty's portrait. After the first few sittings the picture was taken into the seraglio to the ladies. The next time he came the Emperor requested him to remove the great blotch from under the nose. "May it please your Majesty, it is impossible to draw any person without a shadow; and I hope many millions will long continue to repose under that of your Majesty." "True, Rajah," said the Emperor, "men must have shadows; but there is surely no necessity for placing them immediately under their noses! The ladies will not allow mine to be put there; they say it looks as if I had been taking snuff all my life; and it certainly has a most filthy appearance; besides, it is all awry, as I told you when you began upon it!" So the Rajah was obliged to remove from under the imperial, and certainly very noble, nose the shadow which he thought worth all the rest of the picture.

His Majesty was not the only crowned head who objected to be so represented; for Queen Elizabeth is said, by an edict, to have commanded all artists who should paint her likeness, "to place her in a garden with a full light upon her, and the painter to put *any shadow* in her face at his peril!"

The first permanent conquest by a Mohammedan sovereign in India was that made by Mahmood of Ghuznee in the year 1001. Sixty-five rulers of that faith, during the following eight centuries, tried to maintain their authority over the great Hindoo nations, who resisted as well as they were able the desolating sway of Islam. It may be doubted whether any part of the world was ever so cursed by a line of bigoted, ferocious wretches as—with two or three exceptions—were these Mohammedan despots of India during that time. To many of them may be truly applied the terrible lines of Moore:

"Me of that saintly, murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given,
Who think through unbeliever's blood
Lies their directest path to heaven;
Me who will pause and kneel unshod
In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,
To mutter o'er some text of God
Engraven on his reeking sword;
Nay, who can coolly note the line,
The letters of those words divine,
To which his blade with searching art
Had sunk into its victim's heart!"

And all this transacted by these "bloody men" under the professed sanction and authority of a holy and merciful God, whose special favor and reward they asserted awaited them in paradise for blasphemous cruelties like these! The reference in the verses is to their habit of engraving texts from the Koran upon their swords. What millions, during the past eight centuries, have been destroyed by Mohammedanism and Romanism in the name of religion, till humanity sighs to be relieved of their baneful presence, and the true Christian looks forward solemnly to the awful hour when He "to whom vengeance belongeth," will call "the beast and the false prophet" to their dread account—partners in punishment as they have been in guilt.

The ignorance, poverty, and misery of India's millions to-day are the fruit of the creed of lust, and hate, and crime, which has so long misruled them, and wasted their almost boundless resources. The character and cruelties of Popery in Motley's recent histories are equaled in India's records of those Moslem scourges, Hyder Ali, Tippoo, Tamerlane, Nadir Shah, and Aurungzebe. The creed of the Koran is utterly unfit for civil government. It is a system of moral and political bondage, sustained only by military power and despotic sway, naturally corrupting those who administer it, while it has ever pauperized and demoralized the people who have been subjected to its sway. The Moguls have done in India what the Turks have accomplished in Asia Minor; and yet, while destroying and impoverishing, they have taken no root in either land; in the former their



MAHOMED SURAJ-OO-DEEN SHAH GAZEE.

power crumbled to pieces of its own accord, and in the latter now "ready to vanish away."

The last century closed upon Shah Alum—the grandfather of the monarch whose portrait we here present—engaged in a terrible struggle with the Rohillas of the North, and the Mahrattas of the South. The long examples of perfidy and blood were then bearing their fruit, and had made these once subject-races the remorseless and inveterate enemies of the Mogul rule. Their power had been rising as that of the Emperor was in its decadence. Destitute of the means which were once so abundant, to repress these conflicts, the aged Emperor had to witness these fierce and powerful parties contending with each other for the possession

of his person, and his capital, and the power to rule in his name.

In 1785, Sindia, the Mahratta, became paramount; but a few years after, while engaged in a war with Pertalo Sing, of Jeypoor, advantage was taken of his absence by Gholan Kadir Kahn, the Rohilla, to obtain possession of Delhi and the Emperor. This he accomplished by the treachery of the *nazir*, or chief eunuch, to whom the management of the imperial establishment was intrusted. The inmates of the palace were treated by the usurper with a degree of malicious barbarity which it is hardly possible to conceive any human being could evince toward his fellow-creatures, unless actually possessed by Satan.

After cruelties of almost every description had been practiced to extort from the members and retainers of the imperial family every article of value that still remained in their possession, Gholan Kadir continued to withhold from them even the necessities of life, so that several ladies perished of hunger, and others, maddened by suffering, committed suicide. The royal children were compelled to perform the most humiliating offices, and when at last the wretched Emperor ventured to remonstrate indignantly against the atrocities he was thus compelled to witness, the fierce Rohilla sprang at him with the fury of a wild beast, flung the venerable monarch to the ground, knelt on his breast, and, with his dagger, pierced his eyeballs through and through!

The return of Sindia terminated these terrible scenes; Gholan Kadir fled, but was followed and captured by the Mahratta Chief, who cut off his nose, ears, hands, and feet, and sent him in an iron cage to the Emperor—a fearful example of Asiatic retributive barbarity. He perished on the road, and his accomplice—the treacherous Nazir—was condemned and trodden to death by an elephant—a mode of execution long practiced at Delhi.

The condition of the imperial family, though ameliorated, remained barely tolerable during the supremacy of Sindia; for the stated allowance for the support of the Emperor and his thirty children, though liberal in its nominal amount, was so irregularly paid, that the imperial household often wanted the necessities of life.

The real authority of the Moguls had passed away, and it now became a question, *Who* shall seize the fallen scepter? Some one of these contending chiefs, or the English power, which had already established itself in the South and East of the country. The latter alone had the ability to give peace to the distracted land, and, at the same time, might be relied upon to grant the most generous terms to the falling dynasty. Accordingly, on the 10th of September, 1803, Shah Alum, the last actual possessor of the once mighty throne of the Moguls, thankfully placed himself and his empire under the protection of the British Commander, General Lord Lake, and thus delivered himself from the cruelty and tyranny of his enemies.

The General, on his entrance to the palace, found the Emperor “seated under a small tattered canopy, his person emaciated by indigence and infirmity, his countenance disfigured by the loss of his eyes, and bearing marks of extreme old age and settled melancholy.” The arrangements made with him, under the directions of

the Marquis Wellesley, then English Governor-General, were, no doubt, far beyond in liberality what the poor old man could have expected. He was to acknowledge the English as his “fidoi,” or feudatory, and resign the actual power to them. They, on their part, were to recognize him as sovereign *de jure*, to regard him as still the fountain of honor, so that all patents of nobility were to be made out in his name. The palaces which his imperial city contained he was to enjoy, an English ambassador was to reside at his court, and to sustain his state and dignity, an allowance—as increased to his successor—of eighteen lacs of rupees—\$900,000 in gold—per annum, was made sure to him and his successors forever, and the whole power of England pledged to protect and sustain him and them in the possession of the rights and immunities thus guaranteed.

No doubt but Shah Alum believed that he had been treated right royally by his commercial patrons, and was satisfied with his bargain. Well he might be, and had his grandson only acted in good faith, instead of grasping at the shadow of power which had fled forever from his line, he or his might have been possessing their princely home and revenues to-day in Delhi.

The gigantic genius of Tamerlane, and the distinguished talents of the great Akbar, with the magnificent taste of Jehau, have thrown a sort of splendor over the crimes and follies of their descendents; and men kept reverence for the ruins of such greatness, and for the ideas which we have all associated in our childhood with the boundless wealth and splendor suggested by the title of “The Great Moguls.”

Under the new rule India began to return to peace, and such prosperity as was possible, with a still brighter day dawning upon her. Shah Alum enjoyed his honors and emoluments till 1806, when he was succeeded on his titular throne by his son Shah Akbar, who held it till 1836, when its last possessor—the man whose portrait is here given—commenced his occupancy, and retained it till 1857, when a mad and hopeless infatuation led him to violate his treaty, and defy the power of the actual rulers of his empire, and precipitated him from the height to which his ambition had, for a few weeks, soared into the depths of ignominious and unpitied exile.

A few facts in explanation are necessary here. This old man, Mahomed Suraj-oo-Deen, succeeded his father—who was only fifteen years old—in 1836. The father, at the instigation of one of his wives, the favorite Begum, had done his best to oust him and have her son, Mirza

Saleem, acknowledged as his successor by the British Government. To this injustice they would not consent; so his rights were protected, and he mounted the throne of his ancestors.

Had the duality of the marriage relation been recognized at the Court of Delhi, it is very probable that it might have escaped the guilt and misery which hastened its destruction. Men in high or in low station can not violate the laws of God, even when their creed sanctions that violation, without incurring the penalty which is sure to come sooner or later. Of this truth there never was a more marked example than was exhibited in these high and bastioned walls. The three generations during which this wrath was "treasuring up," its force but made it more overwhelming when its overflow of desolation came. It was expressly stipulated in the treaty that the munificent provision made for the Emperor was to recover all claims. Out of the \$900,000 per annum he was required to support the retinue of relations and dependents collected within the walls of the imperial residence. But fifty years of idleness, and the license of a sensual creed, which permitted unlimited polygamy, made that which would have been easy to virtue impossible to vice.

The Eden of God had but one Eve in it, and she reigned as queen in the pure affections of the happy and noble man for whom God had made her. Within the walls of that Delhi Palace Shah Jethau could inscribe the words,

"If there be a paradise on the face of the earth,
It is this—it is this—it is this!"

For he loved one only, and was faithful to her, and has enshrined her memory while the world stands in the matchless Tay Mahal. Few if any of his race imitated his virtue in this regard; and least of all his last descendants. Fifteen years ago the Delhi "paradise" had become changed into a very *pandemonium*. Here was crowded together twelve hundred *kings* and *queens*—for all the descendants of the Emperors assumed the title of "Sulateens"—with ten times as many persons to wait upon them, so that the population of the palaces were actually estimated at twelve thousand persons. Glorifying in their "royal blood," they held themselves superior to all efforts to earn their living by honest labor, and fastened, like so many parasites, upon the old Emperor's yearly allowance. "But what was that among so many, and they so constantly on the increase? It would have given but six dollars per month, on an average, among them all! So here the kings and queens of the house of Tymour were found lying about in scores, like broods of vermin, without food to eat, or clothes to cover their naked-

ness, and literally eating up each other. Yet, notwithstanding, their insolence and pride were exactly equal to their poverty; so that one of these *kings*, who had not more than ten shillings a month for his share wherewith to subsist himself and his family, in writing to the representative of the British Government at the Court, would address him as, 'Fidwee Khass,' our particular slave; and would expect to be addressed in reply with, 'Your Majesty's commands have been received by your slave!'"

This "high-born" population thus pressed for the means of subsistence within these walls, instead of being required to shift for themselves and quietly sink among the crowd without. When the writer reached India, in 1856, this state of things was ripening to its natural consummation. The different members of the Emperor's great family circle were fast becoming rallying points for the dissatisfied and disaffected. Let loose upon the community, they were every-where disgusting people by their insolence and knavery, so that the English magistrates in Delhi had to stand between them and their victims—the prestige of their names was fast diminishing, and they were sinking into utter insignificance and content. This was true even of the highest of them. As an instance, the Emperor's nephew, Kambuksh, during his visit to Jubbulpore, did an immense amount of good by cheating almost all the tradesmen of that town. Till he came down among them with all his ragamuffins from Delhi, men thought the "Padshahs" and their progeny must be something superhuman, something not to be spoken of, much less approached without reverence. But, during his stay, the magistrate's court was crowded with the complaints of the defrauded people; and no one there has ever since heard a scion of the house of Tymour spoken of but as a thing to be avoided—a person more prone than others to take in his neighbors. It was these "idle hands" that Satan employed to do much of the "mischief" wrought during the fearful rebellion of 1857, an event which consummated their own ruin, and sent scores of them to the gallows.

These men became the life and soul of the great conspiracy for the overthrow of the English power, and the expulsion of Christianity from India, and for the elevation once more of Mohammedan supremacy over the Hindoo nations. Yielding to their influence and that of the Sepoys, as narrated in our preceding paper, the old Emperor committed himself fully, without counting the cost, to the fearful struggle. The cruel and relentless character of the Mohammedan creed was fully illustrated in Delhi

during that month of May. From England's ambassador, murdered within the walls of the palace itself, down to the half-caste drummer boy, every Christian life in and around Delhi was taken within three days, neither age nor sex being spared, while every horrible aggravation of cruelty was added to their deeds of blood.

The edicts of the Emperor, appealing to the fanaticism and worst passions of the people, and fired with blasphemy and assertions of the most unfounded character, were sent over the land. Treachery placed the vast resources of the English Government at his disposal, and forty thousand Sepoys behind those walls fought fiercely for the sovereign whom they had proclaimed. The world knows the result of his undertaking.

Ten weeks after the city was taken, in September, 1857, accompanied by my wife, I entered the gates of Delhi and passed down its silent streets at midnight. Next morning we sought Lieutenant E., a military friend, who kindly gratified our wishes to be shown "the sights." Mounting us on one of the Government elephants he took us over the battle field, and described the siege and the assault, and the capture of the city at the different points; then to the Kotwalee, where the Christians were killed and exposed, and from that to the cells where the prisoners were awaiting their trial. These cells were in a sort of offset from the palace grounds, in which stood the beautiful Dewan Khass—described in last month's paper—and had doors of iron railing, through which the prisoners could glance across into the palace grounds beyond. It so strikingly suggested the separation and yet sight of each other in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. We walked past some of them, and it was sad to see within these iron doors awaiting their doom men like the Rajah of Dadree, the Nawab of Bullubghur, and others of their class. Twelve months before these captives were occupying thrones and governing their States in peace under the protection of the paramount power of England; and here they were now awaiting their turn to be tried for treason, and, some of them, for murder as well. They had sided with the Emperor, sending their troops and treasure to Delhi to aid him against the British, and his defeat and fall had dragged them down into the ruin that had overtaken him. A few of them were very gentlemanly looking men and courteous, salaaming to us as we passed. But it was too painful to complete the entire round, so we walked sadly away.

Passing the Kotwalee—the chief police sta-

tion—in the bazar, there were hanging by the neck dead, from a high gallows, eighteen of the "Shazadas"—the king's seed—who had been found guilty of terrible crimes, many of them committed at this very place.

We had of course heard the report of these fiendish deeds, and to come thus suddenly upon the authors of them, bearing their penalty on the very spot where their crimes were committed, was enough to make the blood chill in one's veins. How terrible is sin!

Our kind cicerone reserved the sight of the palace and the captive Emperor and Empress till the close of our opportunity. He led us to that part of the premises where the English Ambassador had his suite of apartments, and into his reception-room where he and the chaplain and two ladies were murdered.

In the East a violation of hospitality is regarded as a crime of greater magnitude than it is with us. This is fully illustrated in the Scriptures. Yet here, under the very roof of the Emperor, the Hon. Mr. Fraser, the Ambassador, the Rev. Mr. Jennings and his daughter, Miss Jennings—said to be the most beautiful Englishwoman then in the East—with her cousin, Miss Clifford, were ruthlessly cut to pieces in this very room. The blood still stained its floor, and on the walls were the impress of some of their gory hands as they leaned after receiving their first wounds, while the head of another had fallen back against the wall and described part of a circle as it sunk to the floor, leaving the blood and hair in the track of its passage!

There were bitter feelings expressed against the Empress, especially for these assassinations. It was considered that under her own roof, at all events, it was entirely in her power to have saved these ladies had she chosen to do so. But she made no effort for this purpose, and when her own hour of sorrow came it was remembered to her disadvantage.

The daring and extraordinary act of the capture of the Emperor and his family by Major Hudson is well known. We went to see them, and found the Emperor and Empress in a small house in their own garden, not far from the other prisoners. He was sitting in native fashion on a charpoy, just finishing his dinner. On either side of him stood an English soldier with bayonet in hand. The old man looked up at us for a moment with a flash in his eye that was easily understood. We belonged to the white-faced race, and were of the religion that he detested, and the man must have keenly felt, as we stood in his presence and looked at him, how fallen he then was. He, before whom mul-

titudes had bowed down in such lowly prostration and homage, had then to realize

"There was none so poor to do him reverence."

It was not possible to look at him without a measure of sympathy—"a star" that had shone for eight hundred years in this political heaven had fallen to the earth, and was lying at our feet, its light extinguished forever.

I asked the soldiers why the old gentleman was so closely guarded in that inclosed place? They replied, "Sir, it is not for fear of his getting away; but to protect him from harm till he is tried." On expressing my surprise at this explanation, the man added, "Well, you see, sir, people are coming here every day to look at him. Wives, whose husbands were killed by his orders, and husbands whose wives were worse than killed—you see, sir, *this* was the name in which every thing was done, and when they look at him and realize it all, their feelings get the better of them, and they feel like flying at him and revenging their wrongs upon him, so we have to protect him." Yes, I saw it all, and the bitter remembrance of the cruel deaths of some precious friends of my own at Bareilly and elsewhere, seven months before, banished all sympathy for this guilty author of their sufferings. In response to some remark to this effect which I made, I saw the blood mount to the cheek of the soldier, as drawing his hand back in which was the bayonet, he remarked, with deep feeling, "Yes, sir, it would give me the greatest satisfaction to put *this* through the old rascal!" The honest earnestness of the man provoked a smile, and I thought, what would Sir Thomas Roe—England's first Ambassador to this Court—say, could he rise from the dead, and, after all the reverence he paid here to "the divinity which hedged" these gorgeous kings, hear a common soldier of his nation express his disgust at having to act the jailer over the Great Mogul!

A curtain drawn across the apartment concealed the Empress from our view. My wife went in to look at her and found her, with two of her maids, very plainly dressed and but poorly lodged. When she came out she was not at all enthusiastic about the Empress's beauty. Still competent evidence declares that Zeenat Mahal, as she appeared in 1846, is faithfully represented in the picture here reproduced; but ten years of such a life as she led in that Zenana, and the apprehension of guilt which she must have then felt, with the fall and doom impending over her husband and house, all must have wrought sad changes in that once fair young face.

On the 27th of the following month the Emperor was put upon his trial in the Dewan Khass, and after a patient investigation, lasting nineteen days, was found guilty on all the charges against him, and sentenced to be transported for life. Many thought the sentence too light, but it was probably sufficiently severe; and thus the last of the Moguls passed from a throne to the deck of a convict ship to end his days on a foreign shore. Zeenat Mahal and one other of his wives shared his exile. He died at Rangoon, in Burmah, in 1861.

The closing words in the defense of one of his own nobles, the Nawab of Bullubghur, whom I saw tried in the same Dewan Khass, and sentenced to die, might well apply to his imperial master. The Nawab was a noble-looking man, with dark, lustrous eyes, and fine figure, clad in the usual style of an Oriental prince, with the usual Cashmere shawl thrown loosely round his shoulders—there he stood during those long hours, before that commission of English officers, making the best defense he could for his life.

He admitted the charge, but pleaded in extenuation that, in sending his wealth and troops to Delhi to help the Emperor, he had acted under compulsion. This was known to be untrue, as it was well understood he acted freely and promptly, and had even submitted to circumcision, and forsaken his Hindoo faith, to curry favor with the rising Mohammedan power.

He evidently felt, as he closed his defense, that he was not believed—that he was a doomed man. With considerable feeling, and in their figurative phraseology, he ended his defense with these words: "Gentlemen, one short year ago I sat on the topmost bough of prosperity and honor; in an evil hour I lent my ear to other counsels—I sawed asunder the branch that sustained me, and *this is the result!*"

NONE so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labor, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us; the idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. That the happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose, or lawful calling, which engages, helps, and enlivens all our powers, let those bear witness who, after spending years in active usefulness, retire to enjoy themselves—they are a burden to themselves.

THE PULPIT OF HOOKER AND THE GRAVE OF GOLDSMITH.

ON the 10th of February, in the year 1185, a crowd of citizens, monks, and nobles was gathered on the banks of the Thames, just outside the walls of London, at the head of the slope which rises to the west of the river Fleet. There is a look of earnestness about the assemblage, not at all suggestive of approaching amusement. Even the groups of boys at play, on the outskirts of the meeting, continually pause from their sports, as if looking out for some expected procession. We see that the multitude is gradually closing round a lofty and circular stone pile, surmounted by a cross, and bearing on its walls white banners, having a red cross in the center of each. Two of the banners especially attract the reverential notice of the gathering throng. One is white, bearing the figure of a lamb carrying a cross; the other displays a series of black stripes on the white ground, with the blood-red cross in the center. The former is the usual standard of "the militia of Christ," the other is the special war-banner of "the soldiery of the Temple." The name of the striped ensign, "*Beausant*," has become the war-cry of the Templars, and is well known on the battle fields of Palestine.

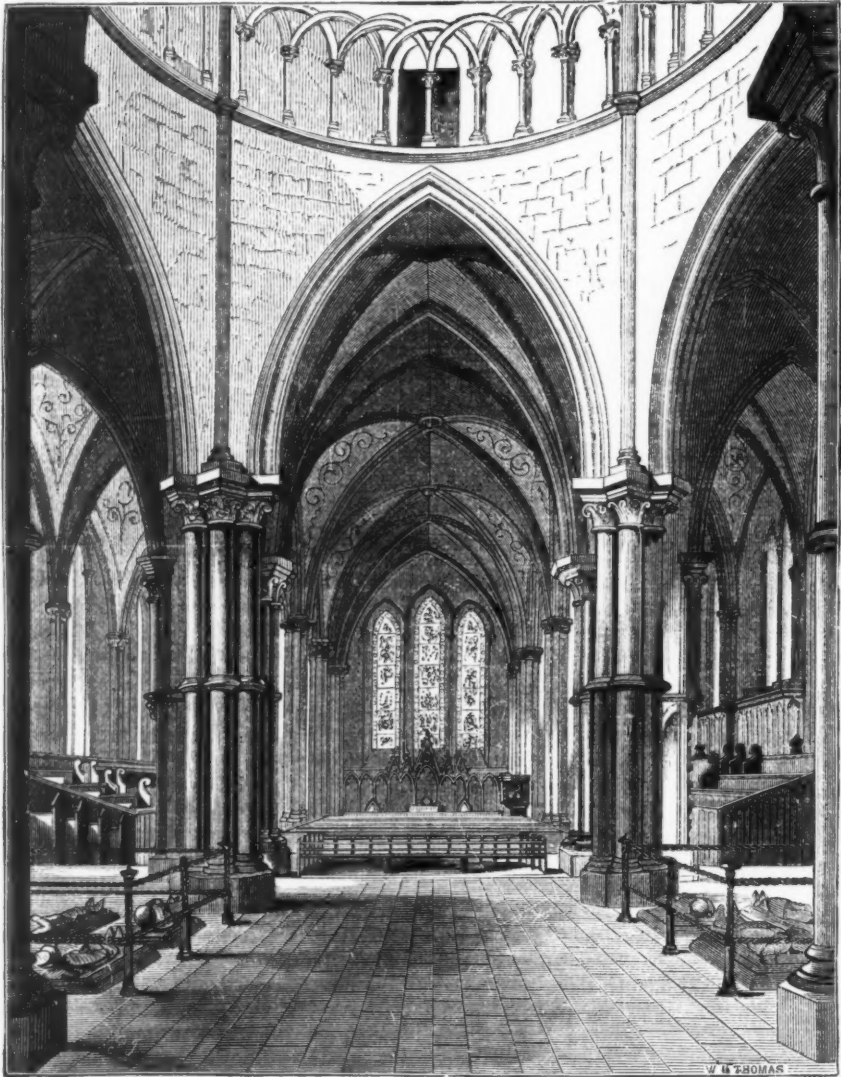
The day has come for the consecration of the church of "the New Temple," and this morning a patriarch of Jerusalem is to dedicate the round and bannered building. The second crusade had just passed, like a huge war-wave, over Europe and into Asia, having failed to break the power of the Mohammedans in Syria. A third expedition is projected, and surely Henry II, of England, will gladly join in so grand a struggle against Saladin. So reasoned the ecclesiastical politicians in that age, so hoped the Knights Templars, and, therefore, Heraclius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, had visited England to set before the king the duty and the glory of a third crusade. The patriarch's arguments were, doubtless, logical and weighty, but they failed to move the obstinate Plantagenet. Henry's naughty wife and rebellious sons had given him trouble enough, to say nothing of the flogging at Beckett's tomb; and he might well wish for a little repose at the close of life. Before, however, the disappointed Heraclius left London, he was induced by the English Templars to consecrate their new church, then just finished. Therefore was the crowd gathered; some to gaze on a patriarch, others to witness the procession of the Templars, from their monastery in Holborn to their new home in "the Fleet Street."

The procession was not one of the ordinary ecclesiastical pageants, so common in those times. The multitude regarded "the militia of Christ" as under the oath of the Cross. Their heroism on the battle fields of Syria had won for the red-cross warriors the immortal crowns of martyrdom. Such were the feelings with which the great majority of the crowd gazed on the procession of the knights in their white mantles; noted the nobles who marched as "companions of the Temple," and struggled to get a near view of Heraclius and Brother Geoffrey, the master of the London Temple. All entered the round church chanting a litany, the consecration was performed, the censers swung, the "holy water" sprinkled, and a dedication feast followed, giving a festal finish to the ceremonies of the day. The structure thus opened was the part now called the "Round," which formed, for about half a century, the church of the London Templars.* A semicircular molding over the entrance contained an inscription of seven lines, which narrated all the particulars of the consecration. This appropriate memorial is no longer seen, having been broken by workmen during the repairs in 1695. The remainder of the church, now forming the body of the building, was subsequently erected and consecrated about the year 1240, on which occasion Henry III and his gorgeous court took a part in the proceedings.

Shall we pause here to remind our readers that the Templars formed in the year 1118 only a small brotherhood of nine French knights, who then organized a "society" for protecting and aiding pilgrims in Jerusalem? The influence of the new order spread so rapidly, that in the year 1244 the number of estates belonging to the brotherhood was estimated at 9,000, and the annual revenue in 1311 has been reckoned at £6,000,000. Even the most cynical will admit that this was something like "getting on in the world." Of course, the knights endured many hard knocks in return for this prosperity, and were both dreaded and hated by the warriors of Islam. The method of "purification" adopted by Saladin when he recovered Jerusalem, in 1187, illustrates the intensity of Mohammedan feeling. The Sultan sent to Damascus for five camels' loads of rose-water, with which the late houses of the knights were carefully washed in every part. Whether the housemaids of the Templars were slovens, or Saladin's tastes peculiar, may be matter of debate.

The two parts of the Temple Church, though

*Three other "round churches" are in England, formerly belonging to the Templars: one at Cambridge, another at Northampton, and a third at Little Maplestead.



THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

differing in age only about half a century, are very distinct in style. The "Round" is semi-Norman, consisting of two circles, the whole surmounted by a tower resting on six pillars of Purbeck marble. The singular countenances sculptured on the walls should be studied by those who wish to gain some insight into the spirit which dominated among the old church architects.

The porch will repay the notice of all who can use their eyes wisely. The foliated capitals, lozenges, roses, the human forms with scrolls in hand, and the beautiful ribs of the arches,

present a combination of elegant simplicity with quaint device.

The eight marble pillars of the early English nave support an elaborately painted roof. The floor is covered with richly emblazoned tiles; those on the south side bearing the winged horse, now the arms of the Inner Temple; while on the opposite side the lamb and cross denote the part of the church appropriated to the Middle Temple. The latter symbol was originally borne by the whole body of Templars, but about the year 1563 the classical, or mythological, or poetical tastes of the Inner Temple

induced the Benchers to displace the lamb and adopt Pegasus. The winged horse will now probably keep his place in one half of the Temple Church, while the lamb reigns in the other.

The church should be seen from the west end of the "Round," from the east end of the nave, and from different parts of the triforium. In ascending the stairs to the latter, the visitor will, of course, step into the penitential cell, from which offending knights, under punishment, could see and hear the service in the church below.

Imagination may picture many a strange scene in the Temple Church, from the hour when the patriarch sprinkled the "holy water" on the pillars, to the day when the knights took the last view of their sanctuary in 1311. Even the reception of a new member must have been peculiarly impressive, performed as it was in the dead of night, with the blood-red crosses reflecting the gleam of many tapers, and the tones of the Templar's vow alone breaking the deep silence. Often has the Chapter met here, to listen, with breathless interest, to an almost obliterated dispatch from Palestine, telling of Jerusalem lost or won; of brilliant victories, or terrible defeats. The church, too, was the place where penances of the lighter kind were inflicted. Think of a church turned into a whipping-room! yet in this "Round" many an erring novice or knight has received the lash, soundly laid on by some more righteous brother. To make the proceeding more pleasant, or more impressive, the time selected was often a Sunday morning.

How did the Temple and its church pass from the knights to the lawyers? About the beginning of the fourteenth century, Philip IV, of France, stirred up the enemies of the Templars to accuse them, not only of heresy, but of blasphemy, and of the most improbable crimes. Some not only charged the knights with trampling on the cross, but with adoring the image of a cat! Nothing like sensational lies for the superstitious; the wild story was believed by many; Edward II, of England, joined in the outcry, hoping to share the plunder, and in the year 1312 the Pope was terrified into suppressing the order. Many of the vast estates went to the rival order, the Knights Hospitallers; but the London Temple, after passing through many hands, was granted by Edward III to the professors of English law. Thus the sword of the knight yielded to the robe of the advocate, and through all succeeding ages the Inner and Middle Temples have been the colleges and homes of English lawyers.

The church has had one or two narrow es-

capes from destruction. Wat Tyler's mob hated pens, ink, and paper as ruinous to a State, and, therefore, heartily abhorred the lawyers. "The poor fools" set fire to a part of the Temple in June, 1381, destroyed parchments and books, but did not burn the church, being probably somewhat fatigued with the destruction of the adjoining Savoy Palace, and perhaps a little frightened by the murder of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Still more imminent was the peril of the ancient pile when the great fire of London swept through the Temple, stopping close to the church walls. But, though the building escaped the flames, it could not stay the deforming hands of a low and uncultivated taste. The rich devices of the ancient roof were, in the sixteenth and following centuries, covered with whitewash! The marble pillars and walls were treated in the same artistic manner, and as the unfortunate walls looked rather cold after the whitewashing, they were nicely covered up with wainscoting to the height of eight feet. The tessellated floor was carefully hidden beneath two hundred cart-loads of earth, over which lay vulgar slabs of common grave-stones. The ancient "Round" was separated from the nave by a cozy screen and organ gallery. Was not all this thoroughly orthodox and comfortable? But what restored the church to its pristine beauty? Simply better education and purer taste. The inner and middle Temples expended upward of £70,000 in removing the defacements of ignorance and remedying the decays of time. The year 1868 shows the pile substantially as it stood when Henry III and his nobles attended the consecration of the nave.

The names of Hooker and Goldsmith are too closely connected with the Temple Church to be entirely passed over. Hooker preached from this pulpit the principles afterward enforced in his great work, the "Ecclesiastical Polity;" and Goldsmith found a grave under the shadow of the church wall. Our space will admit of a few remarks only on each.

Most readers know that Mr. Richard Hooker was born at Heavitree, Exeter, in 1553, educated in the newly founded college of Corpus Christi, Oxford, where his rooms are still shown; and that he was chosen master of the Temple in 1585. Few are ignorant that he resigned this office in 1591, to find more leisure for completing the "Ecclesiastical Polity," in the rectory of Boscum, near Salisbury. The first four books of the work were published in 1594, and in the next year Hooker left Boscum for Bishop's Bourne, near Canterbury, where he died, and was buried in the year 1600. Hooker is

now known only by his once famous "Ecclesiastical Polity." What is the book about? some may courageously ask. It is simply a moderate and learned defense of the Church of England, written by a man who could free his understanding from extreme views, and treated the most violent opponents with courtesy and even gentleness. His words will best illustrate his character: "Three words spoken in meekness and charity will have a more blessed reward than three thousand volumes writ with disdainful sharpness of wit."

This calm balance of judgment and noble placidity have won for Hooker the enduring title of "the judicious." What connection has the "Polity" with the Temple Church? The reader will remember that Hooker preached in the morning to the Templars, but the afternoon lecturer was Mr. Walter Travers, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and chaplain to Lord Burghley. Now Mr. Travers objected to bishops, liturgies, and surplices; so it fell out that the morning sermons pointed to Canterbury, and the afternoon to Geneva.

Archbishop Whitgift thought to hush the dispute by taking the preaching license from Mr. Travers; but this made matters worse. The storm waxed louder and louder; Hooker, not being able to prepare his full argument in such a tempest, resigned his mastership and retired to Boscum. We very much fear, however, that even here the "Polity" was not always composed in a sublime calm. The divine had a wife; she possessed a waspish temper, and thought little of ordering Richard to rock the cradle, when the servant was busy. The dear, good, and too easy man would sometimes obey, jogging the cradle with his foot, while his hand drove the pen. There's a contrast! Hooker in the Temple pulpit, and Hooker rocking the cradle! Thus the morning sermons in the Temple Church, between the years 1585 and 1591, may be regarded as the rough drafts of the "Ecclesiastical Polity."

We do not expect that in these times, when books march forth by legions, we shall induce many readers to study this once famous work. The man of taste will still be struck with the beauty and majesty of passages in the first book, though the topics of modern controversy, and new modes of treatment, may tend to keep Hooker's work to the libraries of students. The principles laid down in the "Polity" are, however, applicable to some of the most exciting ecclesiastical disputes of the present day. As the Temple Church may be deemed the birthplace of a great work in English literature, it is to be regretted that the bust of Hooker in

the church is the only visible memento of one whose name was formerly as famous in the Vatican as in London. Hare Court, with Johnson's and Goldsmith's Buildings, remind us of a lawyer, a man of letters, and a poet; but the visitor looks in vain for the name of Hooker on some of the many vantage spaces near the church.

From the author of the "Ecclesiastical Polity" to the writer of "The Vicar of Wakefield" is a long stride. The words, "Oliver Goldsmith," may be read on a large gravestone on the north side of the church, and Goldsmith's Buildings, close by, remind all of the strange man of genius, who ranked as the friend, pet, and butt of Johnson. Why was the poet buried here? He resided toward the close of his life in the Temple, and became known to many who pitied his follies while they respected his kindness and genius. The poet's last home was at No. 2, Brick Court, Middle Temple, his chambers being immediately over those of Mr. Blackstone, then a student, afterward judge, and author of the famous "Commentaries on the Laws of England." The Spring sun of 1774 was beginning to shine brightly on the dial in Brick Court, when a slow fever, partly produced by ceaseless anxiety, was rapidly wearing out the life of Goldsmith. On the 4th of April in that year men saw the windows of his room closed, and knew that the author of "The Deserted Village" was dead, at the age of forty-five. If many blamed his want of purpose, his undue love of ease, his vanity and little self-control, yet all appreciated the wide sympathy and simplicity, like that of a child, which marked his character. Few may agree with Crabbe's estimate, that

"Never mortal left this world of sin
More like the infant that he entered in,"

but many will admit that the associate of Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds must have combined moral qualities with surprising genius.

Thus the Temple Church brings before us the enthusiasm of ancient knighthood, the majesty of law superseding the power of the sword, the vestment and ritual disputes of the sixteenth century, and the peculiar struggles of a man of genius.

RICHES do not consist in having more gold and silver, but in having more in proportion than our neighbors; whereby we are enabled to procure to ourselves a greater plenty of the conveniences of life than comes within their reach, who, sharing the gold and silver of the world in a less proportion, want the means of plenty and power, and so are poorer.

PARENTAL INFLUENCE.

THERE are some parents who have no special views for the future of their children, or at least none that would mold the daily scheme of their own lives and plans. They feed, clothe, and educate them, but are too much occupied with business or pleasure to turn their hearts to this as the highest of earthly aims, to form deliberate plans as to the habits, companions, and preparation of those children for their place in the world. Then, again, there are others, whose hearts are deeply set on their offspring, who have erroneous or injurious aims for them; some wear out their lives in accumulating wealth for them; others spend all their energies in making them agreeable and fashionable; and others sacrifice all to their ambition, and cherish by example and precept, above all else, the love of pre-eminence. Some parents there are of a different stamp, religious, well-meaning, but superficial; whose only desire for their children is, that they shall become the subjects of some sudden spiritual change, and profess a religious life in some visible way. Then they imagine their whole work is done. Few who will honestly examine their desires and aims for their children will deny that they are in some respects one-sided and defective, too often lacking that breadth of view and largeness of soul that would take in all the needs and capabilities of the young life intrusted to their care. True views of parental duty would exalt and elevate our aims and hopes for those who are shortly to fill our places, and lead to renewed efforts of self-denial and diligence to fit them worthily to occupy the positions that await them.

Parents should desire to see their children, as they grow up, exhibit the marks of a correct and just principle, regulating and developing each portion of their nature, and so governing their bodily, intellectual, social, and religious habits, as to produce the most perfectly balanced and healthful character. Nor need we even too nicely try with our metaphysical pruning knives to dissect and ascertain how much is the effect of education and training, or how far the strength of a separately rooted vitality would enable the young plant to stand, without injury, the shock of separation from the parent stem. The physical, intellectual, and moral natures, each brought daily under the developing and controlling influence of virtuous principles, is what all should desire and strive for, with respect to their children. The best evidence of this will not be of the marked or precocious or distinctive kind that many may desire. Precocious

fruits and flowers are not the best, and they fall the soonest.

If parents would cultivate in themselves the virtues of self-denial, and then exercise a tender watchfulness, cherishing the buds of virtue in their children, instead of tearing them open to see if they are alive, or treading them under foot in thoughtlessness and indifference, then confidence would be won, and the most natural channels would be opened for all the maturity and experience of riper age to flow into the young heart and mold the impressible character.

Love is the first key to the child's heart, and it is thus that its treasures are first unlocked by the magic touches of a mother's affection. The haughty, cold, overbearing parent will produce the shy and distant child, and he who closes the natural channels of love and mutual confidence, will have no window in heaven opened to supply his deficiencies. But the earnest love, the judicious authority, the self-sacrificing exertion, the virtuous example of the true parent, will cause his child to regard all his instructions with an affectionate reverence that will make them sink deeply into his heart and mold his life. In fact, the whole prosperity of an age or a nation will greatly depend on the welding together of the hearts of parents and children, so as to form a channel through which the wisdom, goodness, and experience of all past ages may descend from generation to generation.

LOVE OF HOME.

THE affections which bind a man to the place of his birth are essential in his nature, and follow the same law as that which governs every innate feeling. They are implanted in his bosom along with life, and are modified by every circumstance which he encounters from the beginning to the end of his existence. The sentiment which, in the breast of any one man, is an instinctive fondness for the spot where he drew his early breath, becomes, by the progress of mankind and the formation of society, a more enlarged feeling, and expands into the noble passions of patriotism. The love of country, the love of the village where we were born, of the field which we first pressed with our tender footsteps, of the hillock which we first climbed, are the same affection, only the latter belongs to each of us separately; the first can be known but by men united into masses. It is founded upon every advantage which a nation is supposed to possess, and is increased by every improvement which it is supposed to receive.



GENTLE MOTHER.

As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
 What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
 He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word,
 His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard;
 And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
 When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
 Lock'd in her arms, his arms across her flung—

That name most dear, forever on his tongue—
 As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
 And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
 How bless'd to feel the beatings of his heart,
 Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart:
 Watch o'er his slumbers, like the brooding dove,
 And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!

CHRONICLES OF A BAY STATE FAMILY.

CHAPTER VII.

IN some reminiscences of his own early life, Abel, the next older than Thomas, gives a graphic picture of the stanch old Puritan, Captain Wilder. His testimony has a deeper interest from the fact that in his habits of free inquiry, he had been led far away from that system of belief which the good deacon so heartily accepted.

"Father was a very conscientious man. He was the most rigid observer of holy time I ever knew, beginning the observance Saturday night at sunset, and continuing it twenty-four hours. No work was done during that time in or out of doors. Fast days were equally holy.

"No inclemency of the weather prevented his attending Church. No newspaper or book not strictly religious was allowed to be read on the Sabbath. A neighbor used to borrow the 'Boston Centinel' on Saturdays and return it Mondays, but I have heard father express fears that he was doing wrong in lending the paper for Sunday reading. We all went to meeting; after the sermon was over, we went to the minister's house and remained there until he started for the afternoon service, and then we all followed him.

"Father was a deacon twenty-five years. As a justice of the peace, he did all the business the town required of such an officer. Until the time of his death, he was the only person who ever represented the town in the Legislature, being last chosen only two days before his death."

Nahum, another son, in referring to his own boyhood, used to give an account of a certain Sunday when several of the children were left at home under the strictest injunction to stay in the house and read their Sunday books. But, children like, they fell into temptation, and after sundry outdoor indulgences, one of them—Thomas, very likely—mounted a hog. He was riding the beast in high glee, his brothers trooping behind him, when the cavalcade was suddenly arrested by the returning parents. A severe whipping, therefore, proved the sequence of this profanation of the Lord's day.

At their father's death, Caleb and Nahum were appointed administrators on his estate. By the wise and faithful manner in which they discharged their difficult and delicate duties, they won the respect and gratitude of every member of the family.

It is not strange that the active, mischievous Thomas, in the unsettled state of affairs, and, for the time, necessarily left much to him-

self, should have improved the opportunity to scatter a few of his wild oats.

As soon as arrangements could be made, the four younger children, who were boys, were provided with suitable homes. Abel, the next older than Thomas, and his constant companion, was taken into the family of "Parson Cushing." There he spent a year, as he says, "very pleasantly, doing chores and attending school." It was the year of Washington's death, and on the twenty-second of February, his birthday, the military company, with the children of the different schools, marched in funeral procession up to the old meeting-house, where an appropriate discourse was delivered by the minister.

Meantime Thomas had been sent to Leominster, and placed under the care of Mr. Willard, whose wife, sister of the late Dr. Charles L. Wilder, was his cousin. It must have been a sad day for the poor boy when he left the home of his childhood to return no more, except as a transient visitor. We can not refrain from a lingering glance at the farm-house, where, notwithstanding his days of toil, he had spent so many happy hours. We can fancy his young heart swelling with emotion as he bade good-by to his brothers and sisters and passed out of the familiar door.

One moment he lingers under the elms; once more he watches the well-sweep as it descends and then rises so high up into the air; one more draught he quaffs from

"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well."

CHAPTER VIII.

Out in the wide, wide world! So, indeed, it must have seemed to the orphan lad as he took up his abode among strangers.

Of the four years he spent in Leominster but little is known. In writing of that time long afterward, he says: "When between the age of nine and ten, I went to live where they had no books but the Bible, no newspapers or periodicals from which to acquire knowledge, and no Dr. Todd to tell how children should be educated."

It was while thus separated from his family that another great sorrow came to him. His sister Sarah, a lovely girl of nineteen, and a favorite every-where, died instantly while preparing to attend a party of young friends. This was the third link in the family circle suddenly broken within his remembrance. And following so soon after his father's death, it could not have failed to impress some serious thoughts upon him.

When we next hear of Thomas he is on a brief visit to his beloved home, just before removing to Princeton. As we, too, must now take our last look of the pleasant homestead, it may be stated that the Wilder house, as it continues to be called, is yet in existence. And though the storms of almost a century have washed off the original yellow paint, it is in quite good repair. Under the grand old elms now stands a grindstone, and on the road thither, near a pine-grove, is a beautiful cemetery, its modern marble monuments replacing the old dark slate-stones.

Says a recent visitor to a farm-house: "Near the extreme end of a limb of one of the elms I saw a robin's nest. It had been tied on by the robin, and swayed up and down and sideways with every breeze.

"The railroad runs close by, and I stood near the house when the cars came along. The smoke of the engine could be seen condensed by the cool morning air, for a mile or two, as it passed on. It was a charming sight, which the venerable man—captain, deacon, esquire, never witnessed or imagined."

At the Princeton Centennial, which occurred in 1859, Thomas Wilder thus speaks of his memorable ride at the time of his final removal from the home of his childhood:

"In 1802 one who, half a century ago, was known as Master Woods, conveyed me here from Ashburnham on the seventh of June. We rode on horseback, and he gave me a very interesting account of every family between these places, pointing out the building where Sam Frost killed his father; the place where the girl was lost, the eastern part of Wachusett, where Frost killed Captain Allen, and the tree on which he climbed to watch the obsequies of his victim."

As Princeton is for many years to be the home of Thomas, a glance at some of its physical features and a few of its leading men, with other objects of interest, will not be out of place from their influence, directly or indirectly, on the formation of his character.

This beautiful place,

"Where health and plenty crown each hill and dale,"

was formerly called Prince Town. It took its name from Rev. Thomas Prince, a large proprietor in the township, who was pastor of old South Church at Boston, and the chronologer of New England. Hon. Moses Gill, afterward Lieutenant-Governor, married his only surviving daughter, and thus came into possession of his valuable library, as well as a large portion of his land.

With its hills and valleys, its charming mountain and the lovely lakes or ponds which it in part claims—Tinnepoxet, Wachusett, and Wachatopick, it is not strange that Princeton is celebrated for its picturesque scenery, and that it is the resort in Summer of scores of visitors.

But the chief delight of the village, indeed of that whole region, is Wachusett Mountain, which lifts its fair head three thousand feet above Massachusetts Bay. The large forest-trees at its base gradually dwindle as you ascend its sides to mere shrubbery, thus producing the same effect as if they had been nicely shorn, and at a little distance giving the mountain the appearance of a rich velvet cone. From its summit of almost naked rock, you look down on the green meadows and glistening lakes lying at its foot, and away at smiling villages scattered here and there, while the Monadnock rises loftily before you, and in the distance you catch the delicate blue outline of the Green and Hoosick Mountains.

A few lines addressed to this pride of the old Bay State, by that rare lover of nature, Thoreau, can not fail to awaken a warm response:

"But special I remember thee,
Wachusett, who, like me,
Standest alone without society.
Thy far blue eye,
A remnant of the sky,
Seen through the clearing of the gorge,
Or from the windows of the forge,
Doth leaven all it passes by;
Nothing is true
But stands 'tween me and you,
Thou Western pioneer,
Who know'st not shame nor fear,
By venturous spirit driven
Under the eaves of heaven,
And canst expand thee there,
And breathe enough of air;
Upholding heaven, holding down earth,
Thy pastime from thy birth;
Now steadied by the one, now leaning on the other,
May I approve myself thy worthy brother!"

Wachusett was a great resort of the Indians in the olden time. Up its sides they climbed to discover the settlements of the hated pale faces by the tell-tale smoke of their chimneys. On the eastern slope of the mountain, the spot is still pointed out where the heroic Mrs. Rowlandson was ransomed from her savage captors by that illustrious son of New England, Capt. Hoar, of Concord.

On the 4th of March, 1825, at the inauguration of John Quincy Adams, this old mountain was re-christened. At night an immense bonfire, made of barrels of tar, blazed from its summit, while the roar of cannon woke a thousand echoes from the neighboring hill-tops. The streaming columns of flame tinged the

midnight clouds with a glowing crimson, which was brilliantly reflected on the masses of snow beneath. And thus with great pomp and parade did this illustrious namesake of the new President receive its title—Mt. Adams. But the old Indian mountain shook its bald head in scorn at the splendid pageant, and utterly rejected its Christian baptism. The modern name could not be pressed into the current language, and not long after "Stage-House" looked forth from the sign-post of the village inn, in place of the loftier-sounding "Mt. Adams Hotel." And so the brave Wachusett gained the victory.

The sides of the mountain are fruitful in blueberries. In the olden times the good folks who went there and on meeting-house hill to gather these berries, were accompanied by a file of soldiers to protect them from any hostile Indians who might chance to approach the settlement.

A thrilling story is narrated of Lucy Keyes, a little girl of five, who was lost in following her sisters to Wachusett Pond, where they had gone to get sand for the sprinkling of floors. The whole region was thoroughly explored and the pond repeatedly dragged, but the child was never seen again. The poor mother was driven to the verge of insanity, and day after day, as the evening shadows began to fall, would go out toward the woods and shout "Lu-cy! Lu-cy!" But there came back only the echo, "Lu-cy."

It was the current opinion that the child had been carried off by straggling Indians, a conjecture strengthened by the report of two men, who, on their return from a trading expedition to Canada, some years after, related that they had met a white woman among the Indians, who remembered nothing of her early life except that she had once lived near "Chusett Hill."

Mr. Keyes, having impoverished himself in his fruitless efforts for the recovery of his child, petitioned the General Court for a grant of land in consideration of his heavy losses. One can not help a feeling of regret that the afflicted man's request was denied.

Some years later, according to accounts deemed authentic, a Mr. Littlejohn made the dying confession that, from some grudge against the father, he had murdered the little girl and buried her body in the woods.

CHAPTER IX.

In the early days of Princeton religious service was held at the tavern of Abijah Moore, the people finding their way there through the al-

most unbroken forest by marking trees. But they soon began to talk about a place of worship. In the warrant for a town meeting in 1762 appears the following:

"5th. To see if Dr. Zachariah Harvey, [the first physician who had settled in the town,] and others that bid any thing as an encouragement to build the meeting-house, *will be as good as their promises and give security for the same*, or if the district will act any thing thereon."

After this came the difficult question of deciding on the exact *center* of the town, where it was held essential that the church should be located. In 1761 the following was passed:

"Voted, that the meeting-house for the public worship of God be built on the highest part of the land given by Mr. John and Caleb Mirich, near three pine trees marked, being near a large flat rock."

In October, it was voted that "said house shall be fifty fouts long and forty fouts wide."

On the appointed site—which was the highest point of land in all the region except Wachusett—the building was duly erected. But so late as 1770, the outside remained unpainted, when it was voted "to paint the meeting-house, *provided Mr. Moses Gill finds the paint.*" Previous to this, however, Rev. Timothy Fuller was ordained the first pastor of the church. The year following, upon his petition, in consideration of his settlement with a heavily burdened people in what he terms "a wilderness country," the General Court granted him Wachusett, and the mountain thus passed into private hands. Over ninety years after this, at the centennial, Mr. Fuller's grandson remarks:

"I have an ancient deed—a certified copy by which Wachusett was given to my grandfather, and I have come to look after my property a little, to know whether it has been entered upon, and whether my timber has been any of it removed without my consent."

As illustrating the peculiarity of those days, and at the same time the tendency of human nature to extremes, the following letter from Hon. Moses Gill to his pastor, Mr. Fuller, is introduced:

"BOSTON, December 9, 1769.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—You may remember some time in the Summer past, you mentioned to me your desire that I would present you with a large Bible, that the Scriptures might be publicly read every Lord's day. I believe my answer was: I was afraid it would have a tendency to make you shorten your other services; however, upon my return home in the Summer, I spoke to the stationer for a large folio Bible,

which is now come; but I have one difficulty in my mind against sending it up; that is, I have observed in some country places they are not fond in general of having the Scriptures read in public, because their time is taken up in that part of service that may as well be performed at home. Now, sir, if I should send it up—you should introduce it—your people generally dissatisfied, it would perhaps make such a breach between you and them as may never be fully healed; and if I should be the means of it, I could never forgive myself, nor make amends to you; though I am clearly of opinion that the Scriptures ought to be publicly read every Lord's day as one part of the religious exercises. These are the difficulties that lie in my mind; how far they have any weight in them, you can judge.

"The BIBLE is ready, and will be sent up whenever you shall say; in the mean time, you will make use of your known prudence and good judgment in introducing it. There is bound up with it the *Church Services*, the *Apocrypha*, and *Sternhold and Hopkins's Psalms*, all which I think superfluous, and may be taken out by rebinding, if you think proper."

For a number of years the satisfaction with Mr. Fuller was very general. But at length his ministry became as stormy as the times on which he had fallen. A rumor arising that he was unfavorable to the revolutionary contest, every unpropitious circumstance was made the most of. In 1775 a man got up in town meeting and said:

"I know Mr. Fuller is not pious, and is a tory, for I caught hold of him suddenly, the other evening, and in his surprise, he said: 'Let alone of me, by George.' Now as he said *by*, he could not be pious; and he must have meant George III, and of course, then if he would swear by *him*, he must be a tory."

Notwithstanding the prevalent impression, it has been satisfactorily established that Mr. Fuller was a true patriot. But not so did his people regard him. And in their suspicious temper they were led to magnify many little grievances which would otherwise have passed unnoticed. As the result, numerous complaints were made against him, among which was that of levity in presiding at the Church meetings. Some of his friends explained this by saying that "the moderator laid down his head on the seat before him, shivering with the cold," which the people might construe into a shake of laughter. "But it may be impossible sometimes in such debates and altercations," adds the speaker, "to suppress a reluctant smile."

In 1776 he was dismissed by an *ex parte* council, and eleven chief men were chosen a committee to keep Mr. Fuller out of the pulpit. "And standing on the pulpit stairs, they did, on the following Sunday, with force and arms, restrain and keep out of the said pulpit, him, the aforesaid Timothy Fuller."

CHAPTER X.

From the history of Princeton we learn that its first school teacher was Mr. Samuel Woods. And by all accounts he seems to have been one of the master minds. Gov. Gill conferred on him the title of Philosopher, and when he had guests of distinguished mental ability was in the habit of sending for him to his house. "At home," says Thomas Wilder, "he wore a leather apron, which served the double purpose of protecting his clothes, and as parchment for mathematical problems or other data. When his cogitations were interrupted he would make a mark to indicate his soundings. His apron was thus covered with figures, signs, and hieroglyphics."

These characters, though intelligible to no one else, were full of meaning to himself. And when summoned to the Governor's splendid mansion, it did not always occur to the sturdy farmer to lay aside this apron. The verities of things had taken such strong hold of him that he was not awed by the paraphernalia of those who were of a higher social caste than his own. As man to man he stood with them, not mindful of mere external trappings.

It was behind this man, on the same beast, that Thomas Wilder made his first entrance into Princeton. Nahum, to whose charge this younger brother was now intrusted, according to the testimony of one "who knew him well," was one of the very best men that ever lived. Although a plain farmer, he had the manners and air of a gentleman. He was thoroughly modest, quiet, kind, with excellent sense, and a pleasant humor. The favorable impression he always made on strangers was lasting, for there was nothing superficial about him. Greatly respected by his townsmen, he was made a selectman, an overseer of the poor, and captain of a military company."

Nahum's wife was a daughter of "Master Woods." It was while she was teaching in his native place that Mr. Wilder made her acquaintance. A woman of superior talents, excellent education, and agreeable manners, a fine singer, and lively and entertaining, she was universally respected and beloved. And both she and her husband were sincere Christians.

Fortunate was it for the orphan lad that his

lot was cast with those so well qualified to supply for him the place of parents. He was a proud, high spirited-boy, hasty in temper, and not a little headstrong. His brother, on the contrary, being calm and equable, was generally able to control him. During the Summer he worked on the farm, and in Winter attended school. He always found his sister-in-law ready to help him out of his difficulties; and he fully appreciated her assistance, though, boylike, he was sometimes nettled that she could so easily see through what had puzzled him so much.

The custom of blueberrying on old Wachusett was still in vogue. Into these parties, or picnics, as we should call them, as a feast usually followed the berry-picking, Thomas entered with the utmost zest.

He was a lad of great bodily vigor. In a letter to his only grandson in 1854, he said: "You are now about one year younger than I was when I began to breathe the pure air of Princeton. I was a hearty, strong boy, but it was not alone the salubrious air that made me so. It was hard work."

In whatever he undertook his ardent temper made him impatient of hinderance or delay. If the cows did not stand still when he was milking, he would try to reduce them to order by a kick, which, however good a discipline for the animal, sometimes cost him his pail of milk, as well as a kick back. In the same fashion he was disposed to drive all matters, often breaking hoe, rake, and even plow in his haste to get his work done.

Among the occasional guests at Captain Wilder's was the family of Mr. Timothy Fuller, son of him whose ministry, though in that day of life-long settlements, was of such brief duration. Between this Mr. Fuller, who was a lawyer, and Mrs. Nahum Wilder, there had been an early intimacy. The youthful friendship never died out. His children, and among them the gifted Margaret, sometimes accompanied him on his visits to his native place. On these occasions they were often at Mr. Wilder's hospitable abode. Thomas was beginning to appreciate the intercourse with such minds, and it could not have failed to influence him.

Opposite his brother's was a brown, one-story farm-house, which was overhung by a large birch-tree. There was a fine garden attached, and goodly fruit-trees in the orchard. Here dwelt Master Woods, who died not very long after Thomas went to Princeton. And here now lived his excellent widow and her daughter, Mary. This humble home was cheered by frequent visits from her absent children, among

whom was Leonard, a favorite son and cherished brother.

Not far from the house, in a pasture surrounded by maples, and beneath one of them, was a large, high rock, in the sides of which Leonard cut steps to its summit. In the shadow of the beautiful overhanging tree he would sit for hours, sometimes alone, and sometimes with his sisters and friends, thinking, reading, or chatting. Here he was fond of taking his Harvard classmates who came home with him in the vacations. On the bark of the tree they carved their names, while in its ample shade many a theme, high and low, came under discussion. And here, to a little group of admiring auditors, the young collegian rehearsed his commencement oration. This spot, so full of cherished associations, was christened by the sisters "Leonard's bower," a name it yet retains. The rock is still there, and the tree that overshadowed it, but the names are effaced, and those who carved them have long since passed away.

The old meeting-house, of which mention has been made, rejoiced in what may not inappropriately be termed the *slamming* seats. Here the ancient order was strictly maintained. The tithing men were unflinching in the discharge of their duties. The strange custom prevailed of collecting the children over twelve years into the galleries. The boys on one side, and the girls on the other, were crowded ten or twelve into a square pew. What could be expected during the long prayer and longer sermon, but that the girls would make good use of their opportunity to whisper and giggle; and the boys, to hack their seats, draw pictures on the walls, and now and then throw little paper balls upon the nodding sleepers below? Occasionally a gaunt, solemn official walks gravely back and forth, awing them into decorum. Who could tell whether he might not be moved to take his seat among them, or drag some culprit into his own pew?—as much dreaded as any lock-up of modern days.

Below, if the same ecclesiastical policeman caught any one sleep, he would sometimes call upon him to stand up in the face of the congregation. Were this rule adopted in modern churches we should soon have a standing order of very considerable numerical strength. In the shadow of this primitive sanctuary was the rude structure where Thomas attended school. His mind was now in a measure awake to the value of knowledge, and he faithfully improved his limited opportunities. As the school-house was a mile and a half from his home, he and his little niece used to remain through the day, taking their lunch with them. This consisted

of old-fashioned brown bread and cheese, with molasses and water, cider and water, or milk, and sometimes milk-punch, carried in a wooden bottle, hung from the shoulders by a leathern strap. Thomas, of course, was the commissary general, taking charge of the provisions, and when there was snow on the ground drawing his little companion on a sled. He was very fond of her, and took great pains in teaching her how to "cipher" on birch-bark, used at that time instead of slates, and also in drilling her in the recitations of poetry, which were then common. One day when he had spent many odd moments in teaching her the piece commencing,

"On the Spring's breast the rose-gem is laid,"

she was happy in acquitting herself to his entire satisfaction. And she well remembers his emphatic, "Admirably done, Mary!" But in case of failure, she was sure to encounter his rebukes. On one occasion the teacher had named the States to her pupils in their order. Little Mary's was Georgia. But, unfortunately, when the time came for the answers one of the scholars was absent, which brought Mary's in the wrong place. "What State is next to North Carolina?" "Georgia," she promptly replied. Thomas took the mistake quite to heart, saying to the poor child, "I was never so mortified in my life."

From a pupil Thomas early ventured on the work of teaching. His first attempt was at Fitzwilliam, where his brother Abel also had a school at the same time. Thomas's success was so great that he continued in the business during the Winters for several years. At the centennial, already referred to, Hon. Charles T. Russel, of Boston, remarks: "My friend Wilder has spoken of his old school-master, Woods. I remember an old school-master here, too; and when I saw that same master, my friend Wilder himself, I seemed to sink right down into the little green petticoat I used to wear, and my perpendicular master stood right before me, teaching me my A, B, C. There was the very book, with all the pictures:

'A was an archer, and shot at a frog;
'B was a butcher and kept a great dog.'

"Why, upon earth, the archer shot at such game I could never understand; it seemed to me poor business. If it would not have been a couplet that nobody would have believed, I always fancied it would have been,

'A was an archer, and shot at a peep,
'And B was a butcher, and sold his meat cheap.'

Then came C, and he was

'A captain all covered with lace.'

That was our Captain Merriam.

'D was a drunkard, and had a red face.'

That fellow was a stranger, and only came up here election days; and so on, to the end."

At one season, when Thomas Wilder had finished his Princeton school, Dr. Frink came for him to take a school in Rutland, where the boys had turned out two teachers. Thomas hesitated, but Dr. Frink was urgent, saying that money was no object. He finally consented, and going to Rutland soon made his way to the school-house. The boys had put up a rail with a card attached, declaring that if he came into school they would ride him on it out of town. Undeterred by this threat, he quietly entered to encounter four large, unruly boys, who were banded together to break down his authority.

One of them climbed up on to the roof, and began to throw bricks down the chimney. He stepped out of doors and noted the offender. When the boys came in he collared the culprit, and administered a salutary dose of physical suasion. Another boy interfered, threatening, "You'd better let go that fellow." Quick as a flash he served him in like manner. This settled the disputed question. His victory was complete, and from that day he had an orderly and excellent school. At the close of the term the boys shook hands warmly with him, saying that he had, perhaps, saved them from the gallows. He proved a most faithful and efficient teacher, infusing into the minds of his pupils a love of knowledge, and a determination to make the most of themselves. And his influence did not cease with their relation to him as scholars, but followed them for months and years.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.*

THE artist who touches up an old picture can not of course lay any claim to originality; yet, even in renewing its lights and shades, he may show his interest in art and his desire of preserving a faithful representation of nature. But the student of history, in reproducing old events, does more than such an artist. He is a chemist who analyzes society and puts the facts of human nature under scientific treatment. He solves the social, moral, and religious problems of the present by noting their rise, their progress, and influence, discovering the present situation in the process of events that lead to it.

He may do nothing more than throw together

* Her Majesty's Tower. By Wm. Hepworth Dixon. New York: Harper & Bros. 1869.

events happening at wide intervals, yet having the same causes; and by applying to history the systems of weight and measure he may arrive at conclusions entirely new, and furnish lessons for both mind and heart.

It is profitable to take some single point and call up all the events connected with it. Thus the history of France might be reviewed in the history of the Bastile; the history of Spain in the history of the Inquisition; and the history of England in that of the Tower.

In this short article it is proposed to do only a half-hour's work in this large and inviting field.

The Tower of London was, no doubt, at one time London itself; at any rate, it is the very germ of London. Like the fountain at the door of the Coliseum, from whose pillar all roads in the Roman world are reckoned, so the greatness and growth of London are reckoned from the Tower.

In the days of Charles II, when the historian compared the commercial strength of London with her rivals, he pointed "to the forest of mast and yard-arms which covered the river from the Bridge to the Tower." And the historian now, comparing the present with the period of Charles II, says "that no part of the immense line of warehouses and artificial labors, which now spreads from the Tower to Blackwall, had even then been projected."

The Tower is the oldest monument in England, and it is natural to compare every thing involving time with it. Its antiquity is unknown. It originated, no doubt, in those perilous times when various nations were contending for the possession of England, and was occupied by their kings in turn. Some have claimed that its foundation was laid in the days of Cæsar, and for proof they point to a Roman wall, which can still be detected in some parts of the mote; and also to one of the Towers which has always been known as Cæsar's Tower. Traces are found in the Saxon Chronicles which point to this place as being one of the Saxon's strongholds.

The buildings as now seen, in plan at least, were commenced by William the Conqueror, and built in the reigns of the early Norman kings.

The chief architects were Gundulf, the Weeper, Bishop of Rochester; who in the employ of William the Conqueror built the White Tower and the Square Tower—and Henry III, sometimes called Henry the Builder.

It is not known whether the Tower, previous to the reign of Stephen, 1135, was used as a

royal residence; but as early as the reign of Henry I it was employed as a prison for State offenders. But Henry III made it his chief residence, and giving range to his architectural tastes, besides adding to its comfort and beauty, he carefully strengthened its bulwarks, especially on the West.

The earliest historical description of the Tower—that of Fitz Stephen, who died in 1191—is striking in its brevity: "It (London) hath on the east a Tower Palatine, very large and very strong, whose corners and wall rise from a deep foundation. The mortar is tempered with blood of beasts."

The area inclosed by the walls is about twelve acres, nearly a circle in form. Long-champ, Bishop of Ely, who held the Tower against John and his partisans, while Richard I was absent in the Holy Land, surrounded the tower and castle with an outward wall, and caused a deep ditch to be dug about the same, which was filled with water from the Thames, admitted through Traitor's Gate. By the construction of this wall there was formed an inner and an outer ward. The Inner Ward was planned and partly built by the Monk Bichu. It is surrounded by a wall forty feet high, and from nine to twelve feet thick, and strengthened by thirteen towers. This Inner Ward was the royal quarters; the king's castle, his palace, his garrison, his wardrobe, his treasury. Here was the Jewel House, where the royal jewels were kept from public gaze, except on coronation day; here was the keep in whose dungeon the king confined his private enemies; here was his private chapel, and near by his private block. The king had absolute right within these walls, and no one thought of questioning his authority. Into this ward the common folk had no right to enter, and the privilege was rarely extended where no rights could be claimed.

But to the outward the commons had always claimed the privilege of free access; and on state occasions this right was enforced with peculiar observances. The people assembled in Borking Church, on Tower Hill, to choose six of their number to make a visit to the king in the Tower, and to beg that he would forbid his guards, either to close the gates or keep watch over them, while the citizens were coming or going. On such occasions every man was to appear in his best. No one could come into the presence of the king in dirty rags, or without shoes; nor could any one with sore eyes or weak legs be admitted. All must have their hair cut short, and their faces newly shaved.

Each of the towers received names from the use to which they were applied, or from some notable prisoner confined in them, but often arbitrarily. Thus the tower by the gate was once called Lion Tower, because Henry III kept here three leopards, which he had received from the Emperor Frederick. The White Tower, the central piece of the Inner Ward, received its name from its color. It never could have been called white from the character of the deeds performed in it; for in the vaults which lie underground many a poor pirate, rebel, and Jew found an uncomfortable home to eke out his days. In one of these underground cells Fisher, of Powder Plot memory, was confined, and perhaps Guy Fawkes, near by: and tradition will have it that Sir Walter Raleigh was also confined here. Just above this was the main floor, where the king's guards were kept. The third tier was the banqueting floor. In the cells adjoining this hall most of the royal prisoners were confined—men like Ralph of Flambord; Griffin, Prince of Wales; John de Baliol; Prince Charles of France.

The fourth tier was the State floor, containing the council chamber, a room in which some of the most important events in English history have taken place. The Bloody Tower is memorable from the murder of King Edward and his brother, Duke of York, by their uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, who thought to profit by their death.

But the Tower is most interesting when viewed as a prison. "For one man," says a recent writer, "who would come to see the room in which a council met or a court was held, a hundred men would like to see the chamber in which Lady Jane Grey was lodged, the cell in which Sir Walter Raleigh wrote, the tower from which Sir John Oldcastle escaped. Who would not like to stand for a moment by those steps on which Anne Boleyn kneeled; pause by that slit in the wall through which Arthur de la Pole gazed; and linger, if he could, in that room in which Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley searched the New Testament!" There is scarcely an event in English history with which the Tower is not in some way associated; and one can hardly think of an ancient family of note to whom it has not bequeathed some fearful and ghastly memories.

But what of the unrecorded facts! Could some Asmodeus unroof every tower, and show all the deeds of darkness that have been transacted unseen by men, who could hear the fearful story? On the walls of many of the towers inscriptions may even now be read, which breathe the heart-sadness of many a forgotten

victim. In Beauchamp Tower this may be read on the walls:

"Since fortune hath chosen that my hope should go to the winds to complain, I wish the time were destroyed, my planet being ever sad and unpropitious.

"WILLIAM TYRREL, 1541."

But no one knows who William Tyrrel was. He passed unremembered from the sunshine into darkness, thence into a quiet and no doubt welcome grave. "All hope abandon ye who enter here," might have been repeated truthfully to many who entered, even if they never lost hope except with life.

It was a sad compliment to be confined in the Tower; but still it was a compliment. It gave the unfortunate victim to understand that he possessed a power, either political or mental, or both, which the king dreaded. Though few men would choose this way of having their talents or power noticed, yet if he were a man determined to make the most of life, he could find a little consolation that his name might find a place in history, which, but for his confinement, would have been a forgotten one.

The walls also furnish evidence of the ambition of Edward I; the weakness of Edward II; the lusts of Henry VIII; the bigotry of Mary, and vanity of Elizabeth.

The most noted person who had been confined in the Tower previous to the reign of Edward I, was Ralph Flambord—the belligerent Bishop of Durham. The Bishop was very jovial, and fond of wine. He gave large suppers, and made the hearts of his keepers glad with the generous liquors, and on one occasion, while they lay in heavy sleep, the Bishop escaped from the window by a rope which had been conveyed to him in a tun of wine. The Bishop set an example which was fatal to at least one of his successors. Almost a century afterward, Griffin, son of Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, tried a similar experiment by making a rope of his bedclothes. The poor man started well enough, but when about a hundred feet from the ground, he came to the end of his rope, and risking the remaining distance, broke his neck in the fall.

During the reign of Edward I the Tower was constantly filled with Jews, who were seized for clipping coin, with the Welsh and Scotch, who opposed the king's attempts to subjugate them. The most noted prisoner of the latter was Wallace, who, after a short confinement, was executed with horrible barbarities. In the reign of Richard II the poet Chaucer, while a prisoner in the Tower, composed "The Testament of Love," as Boethius, under similar circum-

stances, produced his "Consolations of Philosophy," or Raleigh his "History of the World." It would be an endless task to name the prisoners who filled the Tower in the reigns of the several kings. But there are two that excite special interest—Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey. Henry VIII, upon his accession to the throne, married Catharine of Aragon, although the capricious and interested policy of his father had warned him against it. Catharine was then in her twenty-sixth year—beautiful, graceful, true to Henry, while he was every way false to her. Henry was not ignorant of her superior qualities, for he afterward boasted of his happiness in possessing so accomplished and virtuous a wife, yet he allowed himself to be governed by his baser passions. Court scandal began with Elizabeth Talboys, but she was soon supplanted by Mary Boleyn, and she by her sister Anne. But Anne had learned a lesson from Henry's desertion of her sister Mary, and she refused to be his mistress, when she could not be his queen. Our sympathy for Anne in her sad fate is greatly lessened, when we remember that she constantly favored the king's attentions.

Henry used every means his wits could devise in procuring a divorce from Catharine. He quoted Scripture to legalize his acts—his envoy darkly shadowed to Louis III, of France, that Henry would marry his daughter Renée—he made every promise and overture to gain the consent of the Pope, and he persisted in this for five years. Finally, on the 25th of January, 1532, Dr. Roland Lee received orders to attend mass at an early hour. When the Doctor arrived and discovered that the king was to marry Anne he made some objection, but the king assured him that the permission of Clement had been granted, and that a Papal instrument was safely deposited in his closet. After the ceremony the party separated in silence, before it was light, and for various State reasons kept the affair all to themselves, for the divorce of Henry and Catharine had not yet been pronounced. It was Archbishop Cranmer who lent his talents to accomplish this wish of the king. Sorrow wore heavily upon the delicate frame of Catharine, and she sank into the grave in 1536, and four months after she was followed by Anne Boleyn; but Catharine died quietly in her bed, Anne on the block. On the death of Catharine, Anne assumed an immodest joy, appearing in gay attire, and boasting that, as her rival was dead, she was now queen indeed. But she was destined to learn what so many of her predecessors had endured. The king saw one that he loved better. Jane Seymour crossed

his pathway, and the attentions the king showed her on every occasion kindled Anne's jealousy. Whether Anne thought to test the king, or whether from inclination, she received such attentions from several of her male attendants that the king found ready means to use them in proof of her infidelity. With little ceremony she was divorced, and confined in the Tower to await her execution. She was imprisoned in the White Tower, in the very room in which she lodged the night before she became queen. She immediately recollected it, then falling on her knees, exclaimed, "Jesus, have mercy on me!" In great suspense, sometimes overwhelmed with sorrow, and now calm, she spent the hours mostly in company with her confessors. The morning of her execution arrives. The little green within the Tower is covered with an anxious company. The Duchess of Suffolk and Richmond, the lord mayor and aldermen, with a deputation of citizens, are assembled by the king's orders. The gates open, and Anne, dressed in a robe of black damask, attended by her four maids, is led to the block. By permission of the lieutenant she addressed the spectators, professing love for the king, and attesting her own innocence, and begging her maids not to forget her. Then she knelt down, the bandage was tied over her eyes, and, as she exclaimed, "O Lord God, have mercy upon my soul," the executioner, with one blow, severed her head from her body. Her maids covered her body with a white sheet, placed it in an elm chest brought from the armory, and buried it within the chapel of the Tower.

We are now approaching the golden age of English history; yet how difficult to see, in the tragic events that preceded the reign of Elizabeth, the russet hue which tinges the horizon before the morning breaks! Men then thought they were gazing upon the sun declining forever behind a cloud, but now we say it was the sun dispersing the cloud. It was pick-ax and powder destroying the rugged, flinty rock to plant a garden.

On the opening day of this new period, if you had looked into Beauchamp Tower, and some of the rooms and vaults adjoining, you would have seen an interesting family group. Your eyes must have rested upon the form of a fair and innocent girl as the most striking figure. You would also have seen John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord President of the Council; John, Earl of Warwick, now but twenty-three; Lord Ambrose, a younger son; Lord Robert, a youth of twenty, and the husband of Amy Robsart; Lord Guilford, the husband of the Nine Days' Queen, and Lord Henry, both

in their teens. It was fitting that, if confined any where, Beauchamp Tower should be the place, for it had never been used as a prison.

The mere mention of Lady Jane Grey wakes the most tender feelings of the heart. She had been so tenderly and carefully reared, she was so thoroughly good that none but a Catholic, anxious that his religion should have a representative on the throne, could find any glaring defects in her character. Twist the facts of history as you may, they still weave for Jane a bright and immortal crown, studded with jewels too rare for earth's mines, too precious for a gold setting.

When Edward VI died no one could tell who had the best right to the throne. It was like splitting a camel's hair, and being forced to determine the north from the north-west side, for law was said to be on one side, and right on the other. The long line of kings was represented by one or more from each family branch, willing to make good their title to the throne. The wheel of fickle fortune turns, and eight women appear upon the stage to fight for a crown which had never rested upon a woman's brow.

Dudley had great influence over the king. When he saw the king's end approaching, he began to devise plans by which he could return his wealth and influence, for he readily perceived that should Mary Tudor ascend the throne, he must forfeit all. His first step was to strengthen his position by alliance with other powerful families; the principal of these was the marriage of his son Guilford to Lady Jane Grey.

When Edward was on his dying bed, Dudley induced him to confer on Jane and her male heirs the right to the throne. How could Dudley be more secure! But to the ambitious the crown was an honor too bright to be yielded without a struggle. Edward died July 6, 1553. Dudley used every precaution to conceal this event until his plans were perfected, and, above all, to gain possession of Mary and confine her in the Tower. But that very night the Earl of Arundel sent a note to Mary, who was at Hoddesdon, near London, telling her the whole plan of the conspirators. Mary made her escape, and Dudley's scheme was a failure.

Lady Jane, ignorant of all that was taking place, was enjoying the quiet of Chelsea. It was here, while thumbing the pages of some classic author, or communing with her Savior through the words of her Greek Testament, that she received an order from the council to return to Lion House to await the orders of the king. Here she was visited by Lord Dudley, the Earls of Arundel, Huntingdon, and Pem-

broke, and informed that the king, her cousin, was dead, and that he had proclaimed her his lawful heir. The timid, delicate Jane was not prepared for such an announcement. She trembled, uttered a shriek, and fell to the ground. When consciousness returned she spoke to those about her, saying she was very unfit to be a queen, but if the right was hers she trusted God would give her strength to govern, to his honor, and the good of the people. That afternoon she was borne down the river to the Tower, preparatory to her coronation. The crown was placed on her head, and her relations saluted her on their knees. The same evening heralds proclaimed the death of the king, and the accession of Jane, together with a printed instrument setting forth her claim to the throne.

In the mean time the friends of Mary were not idle. The people had long looked upon her as the presumptive heir to the throne, so that the announcement that Jane was queen was read with ominous silence. The people knew nothing of the modest Jane; they knew much of the ambitious Lord Dudley. Their opinion of Dudley led them to conjecture that he would soon displace Jane and take the scepter himself. This feeling against the Duke increased the popularity of Mary, and the hatred to Jane.

Lady Jane had been Queen three days, and these had not been days of peace. The storm muttered from its first rising until its terror was come and past. On this third day Mary was at Kenning Hall. The Howards, a powerful family, were her friends and the bitter enemies of the Dudleys. Here the knights and squires came pouring in to espouse the cause of Mary. Dudley must resort to arms. Fortune seemed to favor Mary, while the supporters of Jane became weaker every moment. The thinking class was for Jane, but this class is always in the minority. A man needs not think to carry a musket. Ridley preached at St. Paul's Cross in favor of Jane, and Knox gave prophetic warnings against Mary; yet the people were unchanged.

Dudley, with his force, bore down upon Cambridge. On his march from thence to Bury his soldiers mutinied, and he was forced to fall back upon Cambridge, which was already filling with Queen Mary's adherents. Though Dudley took up his quarters in King's College, he was in fact a prisoner. "Next day the Council left Queen Jane in the Tower alone; Queen Mary was proclaimed in Cheap and in St. Paul's Church-yard. The nine days' reign was over. When the archers came to the Tower gates demanding admission in Queen Mary's name,

Grey gave up the keys and rushed into his daughter's room. The Summer Queen was sitting in a chair of State, beneath a royal canopy. 'Come down, my child,' said the miserable Duke, 'this is no place for you.' Jane thought so too, and quitted her throne without a sigh."

Mary—the Spanish Mary—could now measure out life and death to her enemies, and blood was shed on a Spanish scale; yet true to her Jesuitical nature, she was anxious that all her victims should go to heaven like good Catholics. The leaders who were foremost in setting Jane upon the throne, were hurried to the Tower and executed without delay. It is quite probable that Mary did not intend to bring Jane to the block; and had she not been surrounded by Spanish vampires, who saw no way to success but through blood, she might have been spared. The marriage treaty between Mary and Philip excited the Protestants to an insurrection. They determined they would not be ruled by a Catholic, and that Catholic a foreigner, and that foreigner a Spaniard. In Kent the insurrection assumed a formidable character. An armed force, led by the reckless Wyatt, approached to the very gates of the Tower, only to be ingloriously dispersed and their leaders lodged in the Tower to await a speedy execution. After this the advice of Philip's envoys was no longer unheeded, and Mary signed the death-warrant of Lady Jane without delay. But if truth furnishes the paint, the picture must still be a dark one, as a thirst for blood is evident in the very best actions of Mary. She arranges the execution as if on purpose to make it as tragic as possible.

On the fatal morning Mary sent permission to Jane to meet and take a last farewell of her husband, Guilford; but she refused, saying they would soon meet in heaven. Meanwhile under her very window, before it was light, she could hear the carpenters arranging the block for the execution. When the morning broke she looked out upon the green to see the archers and guards drawn up and Guilford led away to execution, and beheld his bleeding corpse brought back in a cart drawn just beneath her window. "She rose to greet the corpse as it passed by. Her women, all in tears, endeavored to prevent her going to the window, from which she could not help seeing the block and headsman waiting for her turn; but she gently forced them aside, looked out on the cart, and made the dead youth her last adieu." Guilford was executed on Tower Hill; but Jane, being of royal blood, was spared the ignominy of a public execution.

When Feckenham came for her, she walked with him modestly across the green, and with a firm step and cheerful countenance mounted the scaffold. Turning to the spectators in a soft voice she said: "Good people, I am come hither to die. The fact against the Queen's highness is unlawful; but touching the procurement and desire thereof by me, or on my behalf, I wash my hands thereof in innocence before God and in the face of you, good Christian people, this day." Then she begged that they would all bear witness that she died a true Christian woman, depending alone upon the mercy of God, through the blood of Jesus, for salvation. Then kneeling down she said to Feckenham, "Shall I say this psalm?" He falteringly answered, "Yes." Then in a clear voice she repeated: "Have mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness: according to the multitude of thy mercies do away with mine offenses." Then she made presents of the few trinkets about her person to the friends who followed her to the last, after which she drew a white kerchief round her eyes. The awed headsman sunk at her feet and implored forgiveness for what he was about to do. "She whispered soft words of pity and pardon, and then said to him openly, 'I pray you dispatch me quickly.'" Kneeling before the block she felt for it blindly with her fingers. One who stood by guided her hand to the place it sought, when she laid down her noble head, and saying, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit," passed, with a prayer on her lips, into her everlasting rest.

FALLEN WOMEN.

BUT few philanthropic and Christian efforts have met with such general and signal failure as attempts to rescue fallen women. So little success has attended any of these efforts that philanthropists and even most Christians have considered all attempts to reach this class of fallen humanity utterly hopeless. And yet some have been saved, and surely the Gospel must have power to reach even this class of wretched sinners, if properly brought to bear upon them. The reason of these failures must lie not in the powerlessness of the Gospel, but in the peculiarities of the circumstances that involve these creatures, and in the difficulties that lie in the way of bringing the Gospel to bear upon them. The blessed Lord himself could touch the hearts of these wretched ones, and awaken in them profound love and devotion to himself by the side of a profound self-loathing. By forgiving much, and forgiving

freely and lovingly, he taught them to love much, and through their love he saved them. Romanism, by opening a refuge in her various secret organizations into which the repentant may fly from her sin, and where she may hide her shame, has at least provided an asylum for these outcasts, and probably has saved some. But Protestantism has no place for them, and so little success has ever attended any efforts of Protestantism that we have studied, that we may justly fear that it has no efficient means for their rescue. It may produce conviction, it may lead to conversion, but it has no after-means of preservation and safety, and they soon fall back into their ways of sin.

Believing that the Gospel in itself is sufficiently powerful to save all when properly applied to them, and that the difficulties in this case lie in the circumstances of the subjects, we propose to look at some of these difficulties, and to inquire if even these obstacles, great as they are, may not be overcome.

Although some of the cases of supposed restoration of fallen women by the ministrations of Christ are plainly cases of popular misinterpretation, yet it is certain that Christ won for himself the title of the friend of publicans and sinners, that he himself declared the publicans and harlots were entering into the kingdom of Heaven, and believed on him. At least two instances in his life exhibit him to us in circumstances where he evidently touches this sin. The one is the case of the adulterous woman, and the other that of "the woman of the city which was a sinner," from whose touch the Pharisee recoiled, being led even to doubt the prophetic insight of the Master, because he allowed "the sinner" to touch him. But the Lord saw deeper than the Pharisees in both cases, and knew better how to deal with these wretched sinners.

Both instances illustrate to us the delicacy and the difficulty of these cases, and both manifest the wisdom, the tenderness, the forgiveness, and, therefore, the power of Christ. He has no word of approbation or palliation for the crime of the adulterous woman. Perhaps in that sad, pure face, that look of tenderness and pity, that bowed form stooping and writing in the sand, she saw a deeper condemnation than she had ever thought of, and realized the enormity of her sin as she had never conceived it before. When she went from that holy presence, where she had seen ineffable pity blending with ineffable purity, carrying in her ears and her heart the words, "neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more," we can scarcely think it possible that she could go forth and

sin again. The Pharisee, with his unmerciful demand for her punishment, could only harden and embitter her heart; the Christ with his sympathy and forgiveness could send her forth broken-hearted and repentant.

In the other instance the Pharisee recoils from "the sinner," and therefore has only power to harden and repulse her. From him she could only turn away to sink more deeply and more hopelessly into sin. But there is power in the Divine sympathy and forgiveness of Christ to break her heart and open the fountain of love and tears. She had seen him somewhere. She had heard his gracious words. She saw in him life and salvation, love and forgiveness for even such as she. She followed him into the house, drawn by the love she saw in him, and her heart finding in its desolateness one that could love and forgive, relieves itself by even extravagant acts of love. "She stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and anointed them with ointment." Christ had touched and moved to its depths the whole moral being of this poor outcast. How? By the absence of all Phariseism, by manifestation of human interest and sympathy, by showing her that the purest of all could pity and forgive the vilest of all. She was saved. How? By seeing in herself, vile as she was, a being whom God could love, by having brought into her wretched, outcast life a love for the purity and goodness she found in him. Her sins, "which were many, were forgiven," therefore, "she loved much." She had found at last in her desolate life somebody to love her, and, sublimest thought of all, that somebody was the Holy One of God. Now, she could love herself, and rise out of her vileness and degradation, because the Holy One loves her.

And here is the key that unlocks the door to the salvation of such as she. She can not be reached by the Pharisee that demands her stoning, nor by the Pharisee that recoils from her touch. She can be saved by the Christ who is ready to forgive much, and thereby arouse her love. Three things, we think, are necessary to the recovery of the sinner on the human side, a restoration to self-respect, a restoration to a place in society, and the opportunity for an honest and virtuous life. These three things must be brought to the fallen woman or she can not be saved, and because we so generally fail to bring them to her, our efforts have been so generally condemned to failure. She must be restored to self-respect, or there will be no permanent motion toward

reformation and purification. She must have a place among her fellow-creatures, or she can not maintain self-respect. She must have the opportunity and means of making an honest and virtuous living, or she will soon be forced back into her ways of sin.

Can these conditions be furnished to the fallen woman? If not, she is lost almost beyond every hope. If they can, she may be saved.

There is but one way by which she can be brought to respect herself. Christ has opened up that way and pointed to it. The love of Christ must descend upon her. She must see it and feel it as "the woman which was a sinner" saw and felt it. The sympathy, the pity, the forgiveness, the love of Christ must be realized and appropriated by her. She must feel that, vile as she is, outcast from society as she is, unloved of all the world as she is, there is yet One ready to give her love and forgiveness. And she must lay hold of this love, lay hold of it with the desperateness and intensity of the woman "who stood behind him weeping," and who then fell down to wash his feet with her tears and wipe them with her hair, because she felt *He* loved her.

This consciousness of the love of the Holy One resting upon her will restore her to herself. She can not be wholly worthless, wholly abandoned, wholly vile, whom God can and does love. And this love she must feel in her own heart. Nothing less than this can lift her out of her self-degradation and self-loathing. No mere reformation, no mere withdrawal from her vile associations, no promises for the future, no salves or palliatives that society may apply will remove this haunting, self-loathing out of her heart. Jesus has the only balm that can heal that wound. Therefore we have no faith in any scheme of mere reformation of fallen women. They must be converted, not merely reformed. The whole moral being must be touched and lifted up toward God. They must be brought by a regenerated moral life into union and sympathy with the love and purity of Christ. They must have a new life, a new love, a new purpose, and these must center in him who first loved them and gave himself for them. This means salvation, and not merely reformation; but nothing less than salvation will meet the case of the fallen woman.

The remaining two conditions are so nearly related that we may discuss them together. Can the fallen woman be restored to a place in society? Will society give her the means of obtaining an honest and virtuous livelihood? Here lies the great problem. God is willing to

save even the outcast woman, and to grant to her his forgiveness and love. Is man willing? Will society do the same? Society has almost universally been giving a negative answer to these questions. No criminal is so absolutely and so hopelessly an outcast as the sinning woman. And in all ages and among nearly all peoples this has been the case. No part of society is more relentless and unforgiving toward this sin than woman herself. She recoils instinctively and universally from her offending sister. Is this terrible hostility, so general, so permanent, right or wrong? We confess that we believe it is right; that it is instinctive, especially in woman, and that it is of God. Female virtue lies at the very foundation of society; in all higher, and especially in Christian civilization, it is the chief corner-stone. The social fabric rests upon it. Destroy it and civilization degenerates into barbarism. This terrible social punishment, this perpetual ostracism, is the penalty woman must pay for striking this fatal blow at the root of society. By this crime woman loses her womanhood, and is henceforth an outcast. The terrible consequences stand before her, both to guard her virtue, and to teach her how profoundly and essentially her virtue is involved in the life of society. We have but little sympathy, therefore, with that false and superficial philanthropy that denounces this social repulsion toward the fallen woman, or that sentimental poetry that tries to undermine it.

But right or wrong there it is, standing like a mountain in the way of the sinful woman who would rise out of her sin and return to a life of virtue. And there it will stand. All the arguments of philanthropists against it, all considerations of its injustice and excessive severity, all the poems of the perishing outcasts in the city streets "beneath the snow," or of the pale-faced suicide "under the bridge," or of "somebody's fair-browed darling," that have been written, have not had a particle of influence in removing or abating it. They may have touched our pity, and started our tears, and drawn from us a "God be merciful," but if the "fair but false" ones were brought back to life again, society would no more receive them than it did before.

And yet while she remains an outcast, and society refuses her employment and a living, she can not be saved. Social degradation will remand her to self-loathing, and driven away from the means of virtuous living she is forced back to a life of sin. Evidently the problem is a peculiar one, and its necessities out of the common order of reformations and philanthropies.

To solve it we must accept the facts as they are, and adapt our efforts to them.

The one fact is, that the fallen woman is socially dead. She has forfeited her womanhood, and with it her place in society. Her crime socially has been fatal and final. As woman, wife, mother, sister, companion in society, she is wrecked. These holy and beautiful inheritances of her birthright she has sold, and can "find no place for repentance, though she seek it with tears." She must accept the situation. So must those who would help and save her. The other fact is the corollary of this one. Society will not receive her back in her character of woman, wife, mother, sister, or companion. Virtuous wives and mothers will not take her into service among their sons and daughters. Merchants will not place her behind their counters. Employers will not put her among other girls in the factory, or if they would the others would not remain. No one but somebody as degraded as she has been will make her a wife.

Is there no way, then, of providing for this returning prodigal? Has society no place for her, no use for her? Attempts have been made to meet the case by providing for her a temporary asylum. These have generally failed, for two reasons. They are only temporary, and when the repentant woman leaves the asylum she meets at once the ostracism of society. Or if the asylum should be made more permanent, it then only becomes a prison, furnishing her no aims or inspiration for a new life.

Romanism opens the doors of her conventual life to her, and in some instances gives her employment and the stimulation of new aims and purposes in works of charity and mercy. We by no means intend to intimate that the Sisters of Charity and Mercy in the Catholic Church are to any extent rescued women, but would learn a lesson from the fact that Romanism has a place for the repentant Magdalene, and can give her an asylum and a vocation. Protestantism has none. Is not the true solution of this problem found here? Can not Protestantism give her an asylum and a mission? Such an arrangement in the hands of Protestant Christians we believe would be much more efficient than in the hands of Catholics. They could offer to her a more real and profound basis for her recovery in the more real and vital experience of true Christianity. We could find here the means of fulfilling the three conditions necessary for her restoration.

First, lead her to Christ. Let her desolate, bleeding heart be healed by him. Let her taste his love, feel his forgiveness, and rise into a

new life by union with him. This, as we have said, lifts her out of her self-loathing, and gives her a new love, and with it a new life. Secondly, let her accept this as her only love and her only life. From all others she has excluded herself. But here is a love greater than all others, ready to enter and fill her heart. She has been forgiven much, let her love much. Let her be willing to stand behind him weeping, to wash his feet and to wipe them with her hair. For his love and to his love let her consecrate her life. Remembering that while she can not now literally show her love by bathing the Master's feet, he has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." "I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Thirdly, let Christian society provide for her and receive her in this service for Christ's sake.

We have not space now to show the feasibility of this scheme, or to argue for it. We see in it not only the opening of an effectual door to these most abandoned and most hopeless of our kind, but a means of giving to them the opportunity of a holy and consecrated life which would abundantly repay society in its fruits. Acknowledging this ransomed woman in her work of charity and mercy, giving her an opportunity to show her love and devotion to her Lord and our Lord, by visiting the sick, ministering in the hospitals and the prisons, is a different thing from receiving her into society and giving her a place in our homes and business. From the one, society recoils; toward the other, it might at first hesitate from its novelty, but it would soon learn to look with no repulsion on the ransomed woman whose life is now sanctified by a final and complete consecration to Christ, and made even beautiful by works of charity and mercy, and would at last "esteem her *for her work's sake*."

USED with due abstinence, hope acts as a healthful tonic; intemperately indulged, as an enervating opiate. The visions of future triumph, which at first animate exertion, if dwelt upon too intently, will usurp the place of the stern reality; and noble objects will be contemplated, not for their own inherent worth, but on account of the day-dreams they engender. Thus hope, aided by imagination, makes one man a hero, another a somnambulist, and a third a lunatic; while it renders them all enthusiasts.

MY GIFTS.

WHAT shall I bring? I questioned my Beloved
Only this morn, when, on my aching head,
I felt his kisses drop like cooling dew;
When his own hand brought to my lips the cup
Of healing that, without his hand, had failed;
When by my side he stood in graceful strength,
That shamed my languid weakness into pain;
When the great soul looked on me, out of eyes
Full of that proud possession of himself,
That makes a kingship over other souls;
When the rare voice said, softly, "What wouldst
thou,"

What of mine own best gifts shall fall on thee?
I answered, with my quickly coming tears,
Give me thy power of giving, my Beloved!
And tell me, when my soul is thus endowed
With treasure, what will dearest be to thee?
What shall I bring thee back, who now hold all
That lies outside in holding thee within?

Not long I waited: dropping sweet and low,
But clear and strong as notes of some grand psalm,
The answer fell: "I ask thee, child, for all
That, giving, yet will leave thee more enriched.
Give me the treasure of thy noblest love,
This, first and last, and all the way between;
The bud of promise and the full-ripe fruit,
The child smile and the locks of snowy hair.
On first and last page of my life's great book,
In preface and by "finis," be it graven,
The Alpha and Omega of thy love!

This is my one great jewel; bind it round
With lesser gems which shall thy love adorn,
Even while they borrow and dwell in its light.
Place near to Love, Endeavor, bind it fast
With golden band of steadfast Earnestness,
That shall not let it break away from Love.
Love's rays will keep thy purpose warm and strong,
And bring that little gem of changeless light,
That, steady, pure, shines on thro' every shade
Of trouble like a star in cloudy night.
Some name it Hope, some Cheerfulness, but I,
Who care not for the name, will give the test
How thou mayst know the gem, nor be deceived
By fitful glow of firefly in thy gloom;
If e'er thy Love goes wandering or forgets,
If Purpose weakens and Endeavor fails,
If gleams of light flash near thee, seeming bright,
Yet keeping thy gaze, earthward, selfward turned,
Follow them not! Bring naught of this to me,
The gift I ask for is a ray that turns
Thy sight away from self, away from night,
And keeps thy gaze fixed evermore above.

Once more, when the rare jewel of thy Love
Is clasped, with golden bands of high resolve,
To some great glowing purpose of thy soul—
Some royal amethyst of enlivening thought,
Dyed in the purple of the rarest wine
Of life, from presses thou hast trod alone,
When Cheerfulness, an opal, that for aye

Is prisoning for thee the rays of sun,
And lighting for thee every path of gloom,
Then add to these—the diamond of thy Love,
The amethyst of purple, many pearls,
Let these not bear a stain—the weary hands
That labor in the vineyards night and morn,
And thro' the midday heat will never soil;
The feet, that bleeding tread the upward paths,
Will never leave their bloodprints on the pearls,
Tho' they lie scattered o'er life's common ways.
Gather them, even with the work-soiled hands,
Lift them to their own place upon thy brow,
Hide them in the close casket of thy soul,
Crown Love and Labor with them, till these gleam
Brighter forever for the pearls of Truth.

The dear voice ceased; like water rippling slow
Adown some mountain side, from sunny heights
And coolest lakes that lie anear the sky,
That never thinks in its glad overflow
What ferns may cling upon the rocks below
To catch its dropping, but flows on and on
From very fullness, that knows not excess
Or emptiness, though giving more and more!

The sky was wintry leaden, dull, and gray;
The oak leaves, rustling in the chilly wind,
Were dead and brown upon the ashen boughs.
The snow was on the hedges, in the path
Marked by young footsteps on their way to school.
Out at the gate had passed, too, my Beloved,
My One, who, like the lake upon the heights,
Knew not one-half the glory of his words,
The cool stream of his nature's overflow
That bathed the rocks, and ferns, and moss below,
And caught, in falling, all the morning's glow.
My one, who, in his greatness, may not know
Or heed me, as I rise and onward press,
Through loneliness, and pain, and weariness,
To seek the treasure he would have me show;
To bind my Love round with my life's best Thought,
And patient Purpose from his spirit caught;
To tread alone, among the clustering vines,
To drink my draught of life's empurpled wine,
To climb the heights, and stand beside him there,
Crowned with my gems of Truth, my pearls of Prayer.

THE INVISIBLE ONE.

THOU whom we seek so blindly, if we may
By searching thought find out thy hiding-place—
Thou once hast shown mankind thine unveiled face.
And met thy people in the open day.
What rapture, Lord, while thou on earth didst stay,
To see thy form, to catch thy words of grace!
O, blessed those who at thy board had place!
O blessed he who in thy bosom lay!
So was it no strange thing when, from all lands
Pilgrims uncounted spread their sails of snow,
And armies battled on the desert sands,
Only that they might kneel before thy grave,
Might kiss the very path, with pious glow,
Thy feet had trod—O! thou who diedst to save!

A STRANGE STORY.

THE Summer of 18— found us quietly settled again in our pretty little cottage at Wilton, on the shore of Emerald Lake. Our household numbered two more than on previous seasons, Mrs. Hartley, whom I had engaged as seamstress, and her three-years' boy, a bright-eyed, merry little fellow, who was in a fair way of being spoiled by us all before he had been a week in the house. Poor Mrs. Hartley! As I watched her sitting day after day at the only window of my morning-room, which commanded no view of the long, sunlit reach of water flashing up the sandy beach—her pale face bent over her work, or raised at the approach of her child, with a wistful smile almost sadder than tears—the story of her sudden and terrible bereavement of nearly two years before was fresh in my memory as an occurrence of yesterday. I seemed to see her—as on that night of storm, when our little lake, now softly translucent as the jewel from which it derived its name, was changed to a huge caldron full of seething foam, bubbling and hissing as if from fathomless depths—hurrying up and down the shore, her long cloak drenched with spray and streaming in the wind, her white face, with its strained eyes, visible in the continuous glare of the lightning, and her piteous voice ringing out in the pauses of the tempest in vain calls upon her husband's name. But, though with the morning light peace descended upon the troubled elements, no tidings came of the little boat, which, only twenty-four hours before, had swung merrily from the landing in obedience to John Hartley's sturdy oar. We strove to comfort the poor wife with the hope that, overtaken by the storm before he was aware, her husband had sought refuge upon the opposite shore, but as the long day wore on and the second night approached, all expectation died in her heart.

During the succeeding days, while sympathizing neighbors searched vainly for the body of the missing man, her self-control was something wonderful. Tearless and uncomplaining, only her tight-shut lips and the unnatural brightness of her eyes revealing her suffering, she would pace for hours along the water's edge, with her baby pressed to her bosom. But the vain quest once over, she relapsed into a faded semblance of herself, patient still, but seeming to have renounced her own individuality, and to exist only in the life of her child.

Accustomed as I had grown to her unvarying quietness of mien, I was surprised one morning to see her enter the breakfast-room with a hot flush on her cheek, and in her eyes the restless

glitter which I remembered so well as accompanying the old days of tension and suspense. She played nervously with her spoon and fork, but scarcely tasted a morsel. I wished to ask if she were ill, but some undefined sense of delicacy restrained the words upon my lips. When the meal was over she took up her sewing as usual, but it was evident that she could not fasten her attention upon her work.

At last she rose quickly, tied a straw hat over Johnny's bright curls and bade him go play upon the lawn—then she threw herself down upon a hassock at my feet and buried her face in my dress.

"What is it?" I asked tenderly, smoothing the poor, girlish head with my hand.

"You will think me wild, Mrs. Ware," she cried out, "but indeed I can not help it, and I have had such a dreadful night! All night I seemed to hear my husband's voice calling me, and this morning—God help me!—I can not feel that he is dead. My brain is turning, and yet what—O, what can I do?"

I was so startled by her energy that I unwittingly replied in a way least likely to give her any comfort.

"My poor child!" I said, "you are ill and overworked. Strange fancies often come to me, too, on wakeful nights. You must lie down and try to rest!"

She lifted her head wearily, the momentary ebullition over, and the old, suffering expression came back again.

"I can not rest," she said, "and it was no fancy. But of course you could not know!" she added in a low, thrilling voice, as if speaking more to herself than to me.

She rose and resumed her work, resolutely resisting all my efforts to induce her to rest, and evidently shrinking from any further conversation.

My heart was sadly pained next morning at discovering the deep lines about her eyes, which testified to another sleepless night. The fever-spot still burned on her cheek, she ate nothing, and before evening of the second day I began to be seriously alarmed, and to debate the propriety of sending privately for a physician.

We sat together in silence after little Johnny had been put to sleep, when a sudden, sharp ring at the door-bell sent its clashing vibrations through the house.

Mrs. Hartley started to her feet, her slender figure drawn to its full height and bent slightly forward, her face set and intense in the lamp-light, her right hand raised—indeed, her whole frame impressed me on the instant as an embodiment of the single sense of hearing. It

could scarcely have been a minute, although it seemed many, when we heard the servant-girl opening the door, and a rough but kindly voice came to us through the passage-way:

"I was told that Mrs. John Hartley lived here. Can I speak to her?"

She sprang past me with a cry, and I followed more slowly to the door. A man stood there, dusty and travel-worn.

"What do you want to say to me?" she gasped. "Is it—is it any thing about my husband?"

"Well, it is—that's so!" said the man, drawing a long breath. If he had meant to break his message to her slowly, and had been at a loss how to do it best, he was quite relieved now. The fewer and more direct his words could be, certainly the better for her.

"I've come from Camp Fearless, out in the pine woods. John Hartley's there sick of a brain-fever. He hired out with us nigh on to eighteen months ago—a lonesome sort of chap—the boys used to pity him, we did n't know as he had kith or kin above ground. Ten days ago he took sick. He lay sort o' stupid at first, but two nights ago"—for the first time Mrs. Hartley's fixed gaze turned from the man's face to mine—"two nights ago, as I was watching him, he roused up quite natural and called for 'Maggie.'

"Who do you mean, John?" says I.

"Why, Maggie—my wife!" says he. "Is n't she here?"

"I did n't know what to say, for fear of setting him worse again.

"She'll come by and by, I reckon," says I.

"He looked hard at me, then he clapped his hand to his head, and shut his eyes, and lay still for half an hour or thereabouts. All at once he called me again.

"I know now, Jack," says he, 'but I'm too weak to talk—it hurts me. But O, Jack, won't you go to Wilton—she must be there—and bring my wife to me?"

"I could n't answer, for I thought—begging your pardon, ma'am—that a man as had given his wife the go-by for a year and a half or more, did n't quite deserve to have her come all the way through the woods to him now. But the more I tried to put him off, the harder he begged, till, blame me if I could stand it any longer! So I says, 'I'm a stranger to her, may be she won't come with me.' He smiled sort o' queer at that, and says he, 'Come—my Maggie come? Do n't be afraid!"

"So at break of day I started; I rode forty miles to the nearest railroad station, and here I am!"

Mrs. Hartley neither wept nor fainted, but she sank on her knees and covered the man's hard hand with kisses.

"There, there! do n't, poor thing!" he said, trying to draw it from her, with a pitiful, wondering glance at her black dress.

I raised her gently, reminding her of our visitor's need of rest and refreshment, and when she begged eagerly to be permitted herself to prepare supper for him, I gave a ready assent, and went away to find and consult with my husband. We had no heart to enter a word of protest against the strange journey—we could only arrange that little Johnny should be left with us, and provide an experienced nurse to accompany Mrs. Hartley.

After the necessary preparations, in which the first hours of the night were spent, she lay down beside her sleeping boy, and rested as peacefully as he. At early morning she set out with her strange escort. She seemed endued with supernatural vitality; all traces of weariness had vanished from her face, and in her voice there was a thrill of victory. Despite all our misgivings, we could but catch the infection of her courageous spirit, and we bade the little company a hopeful farewell.

In consequence of the imperfect postal communication between Camp Fearless and the outside world, I heard from Mrs. Hartley but twice during her absence of four weeks. Her first letter informed me of her safe arrival, and her husband's rapidly improving health; the second designated the day of their return to Wilton, and begged that a room might be made ready for them in the village inn. To this request we responded by sending a carriage for them to the station, and bringing them directly to our own house. Some cruel rumors had been flying about among the villagers, nobody seeming quite willing to forgive John Hartley for coming home safe, after all, instead of lying a drowned skeleton, among the sand and rushes at the bottom of Emerald Lake. But the most eager scandal-monger of them all must have melted to see him take his child from its mother's arms. It was a scene to be remembered, not described.

The history, so far as he could impart it—of those strange months—I give as nearly as possible in his own words, premising that he was a man of good mental capacity, foreman in a considerable manufacturing establishment, and had always borne an unblemished reputation. It but furnishes a parallel to the many other unaccountable, but well-authenticated cases which have engaged the careful attention and research of physicians and mental philosophers.

"I remember well," he said, "with what boyish light-heartedness I set off for my day's rowing and fishing. It was not often that I gave myself a holiday, but that morning the workmen were busy repairing the great wheel, and there was little I could do in the mill. So I thought I would bring back, as well as I could, one day of the old time when I was a little shaver down on Cape Cod, and led a sort of amphibious life between land and water.

"I fastened my trolling-lines, and struck out toward the middle of the lake, but after paddling about for two or three hours with little success, I concluded, as I had my gun with me, to cross over and see what game I could find in the thick woods that skirted the opposite shore. I drew my boat up on a little sandy shelf, meaning to follow a narrow ravine which led around the precipitous bluff, but, changing my plan, I undertook to climb up the rocky wall. Suddenly my fingers slipped—I caught hold of a root projecting from a crevice, but it gave way in my grasp, and a large stone was loosened from above, and fell on my head.

"You may find it hard to believe, but I remember nothing more until I found myself in Camp Fearless. Yet, as my comrades tell me that I did not reach that place before late in September, some two months must have passed between the date of my injury and that of my arrival there. I said I remembered *nothing*—perhaps I should qualify the statement a little—until very recently, I have been unable to recall a single impression, but I now hear, occasionally, a set of confused images floating through my mind—strange towns and places, unfamiliar thoroughfares, and a sense of rapid travel, as if by rail. Certain it is, that although my whole quarter's wages were in my pocket when I left home, I had scarcely enough to pay for a night's lodging when I came into the camp.

"Then follows a period which I can now recall with more or less distinctness, when all my powers of reflection seemed totally paralyzed. I must have remained in this state for many months, without a single memory of the past, or one thought beyond the present. Yet I had given my name correctly, I attended to my daily work, and behaved myself so as to gain a reputation for nothing worse than a peculiar repugnance to conversation. The men tell me that, after having repeatedly tried in vain to call me out, they came by common consent to let me alone. At last an incident occurred which so far aroused my torpid faculties as to give me the capacity for suffering.

"It was after working hours, and a supply-wagon had just come in, bringing the mail.

Those who had been fortunate enough to receive letters were eagerly reading them. It seems strange, but I do not remember of ever having wondered that no messages came for me. I stepped outside the cabin-door, and there I saw one of the men, sitting on a log, with his face in his hands, and shaking all over with heavy sobs. An open letter was on the ground beside him.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"She's dead—my dear, old mother!" he answered, with a fresh burst of grief. "I'd calculated all along on going home after this one year more, and staying with her while she lived—but it's too late, too late!"

"You know a great trouble makes some people talkative. It was so with this man. He took me by the sleeve, and made me sit down by him on the log, while he told me the whole story of his childhood, how his mother had been left a widow, how hard she had worked for her children, how proud she had been of him, her only boy—and a great deal more which I need not repeat here.

"I listened quietly enough, but my brain seemed all on fire. It occurred to me for the first time that I myself remembered nothing, that I did not even know if I ever had a mother, or a home. I looked at myself from head to foot—I was a man, stout, and full-grown, yet I could not recollect that I had ever been a boy—all my past life, if I had any, was a blank.

"From that time began a state of mental anguish which I can not describe. Still silent as ever, I told my trouble to no one, but day after day, at work or at rest, I struggled in vain to pierce the darkness and uncertainty which shut me in. At intervals, especially on waking suddenly, I seemed just about to grasp the knowledge I longed for, but it always eluded me, and left me more wretched than ever. I was like the soul of a man shut up in the body of a plant. I found out by guarded questions—for I had regained some power of calculating results—that the men knew nothing about me but my name. My name! how I clung to it, how I pondered it over and over, in the vain hope of awaking some association connected with my past life!

"This distress of mind was doubtless the cause of the attack of pain—disorder—in the progress of which my memory was so strangely restored. From the night when I awoke, calling my wife's name, every thing previous to my disappearance from home was perfectly clear to me. O, how my heart yearned for my wife, bereaved as she must have believed herself to

be, and for the little child which had just begun to lisp my name so long before!

"The doubt on my friend Jack's honest face made no impression upon me, for I knew that my Maggie would never for a single instant believe that I had willfully forsaken her. So it was no surprise when she came to me—my darling, who would trust me against the world—sick in that rough cabin, in the depths of the pine woods, with only the men's hands, kind but awkward, to tend me.

"But I can not talk about that. If we ever see the 'new heaven and the new earth,' we shall hardly stop to think about our own feelings. It is just so with me; I have had a resurrection—only an earthly one, to be sure, but I'm just glad to be here!"

HOME INFLUENCE.

SOME one has said that the sweetest words in the language are heart, home, happiness, and heaven. Perhaps there is an implied dependence of one upon the others, more than appears at first sight. Home is, or ought to be, the nursery of the affections; the heart culture, the holiest of all, is begun and, we may almost say, ended here. Upon this, in a great measure, our happiness or misery depends. And yet in how many homes are the sweetest affections studiously repressed? The kindly sympathies of nature are regarded as weaknesses to be overcome as soon as possible. The youth must not shed a tear though his heart break, lest the sneering "unmanly" come to his ears. And the little girl must cry over her dead kitten in secret, or be called "baby." Young misses who show their affections are called "silly." And we have known even husbands and wives treat each other with studied coldness, lest they should be thought "childish." Ridicule, the surest arrow in the devil's quiver, is aimed at all that is fairest and loveliest in the hearts of the young, and the springing affections are hopelessly nipped in the bud. No wonder we meet so many callous-hearted men and women in our intercourse with the world, when the better part of their nature was systematically dwarfed in childhood and youth. Why should we be ashamed to give expression to the heart's best treasures?

The human countenance should mirror the soul. But instead it has become a mask. Some talk of reading countenances. They may as readily read the riddle of the sphinxes of Egypt. Shakspeare knew that a man may "smile and smile, and be a villain." And there are those

whose hearts are only discovered after the most diligent search, in some out-of-the-way corner, covered with the dust and debris of years. Like the woman's lost penny, they are only to be obtained by lighting a candle and sweeping carefully till you find them.

I have a lively recollection of a little episode in one of the many homes of which I have been a transient inmate. The united heads were of that energetic busy class, who, to use their own phrase, had no time to spend "fooling." It chanced, in the course of business, the husband had to leave home to be absent some days, something quite unusual, and he must take the cars, too, on a railroad noted for accidents. The wifely fears of his spouse were awakened, of course. She knew he would be killed, and she did n't see how she could get along with so many children, but concluded by bravely telling him she knew he had to go, and to go along without "whining" about it. When one of the sons drove up to take his father to the station, the wife went to the gate and shook hands with her husband, a weakness I had never seen her exhibit before. Perhaps it was the delay caused by this unusual circumstance, or adverse fate, but at all events he arrived just in time to see the train move out of the station without him. He must wait till the next day. It was expensive staying at a hotel, and, with that inexpressible feeling of "sheepishness" one feels when he is obliged to return to the friends of whom he has just taken a tender leave, he went home. The wife had been telling me, in the hearing of the little ones, that she never expected to see him alive again, when one little fellow, that had not got through the hardening process, began to cry. The mother divining the cause, asked in a sharp tone what he was "sniffing" about? The miserable little boy, rather than be ridiculed as a baby, said his head ached. Soon after the father stepped in. "What on earth brought you back so soon?" was the tender inquiry of his wife, looking up from her knitting. But it did not appear to hurt him any. He was used to it.

If we would have tender and refined manhood and womanhood, the sympathies of childhood must be fostered and directed, but not repressed. A cultivated intellect is a grand possession, but without the graces of the heart it is but a doubtful blessing to its possessor. The thousand little attentions we can show, the smile of encouragement or recognition, the timely word of cheer, the warm grasp of the hand, or even a kindly word of reproof, all tend to reproduce themselves in those with whom we associate. We regard the education of the

sympathies of vital importance, and it can nowhere be carried on so successfully as in the sacred precincts of home, by the patient teaching of father and mother, those heaven-appointed instructors of childhood. How much of the coarseness, follies, and sins even, of youth, are to be laid to the charge of parents, is known only to God, who visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the children.

Some parents who realize the responsibilities resting upon them in the moral training of their little ones, plead want of time from other cares. Yet they must live their lives in the presence of their children, and it is just this daily life that does largest share of the teaching in such matters. We must be what we would have our children to be. Intellectual acquirements should not be undervalued, but if one must take precedence let it be the heart. We do not love God so much for his infinite wisdom and power, as for his long-suffering and loving-kindness to the children of men. And the blessed Jesus who rejoiced at the marriage in Cana, and wept at the grave of Lazarus, said, "These things I command you, that ye love one another."

GAYETY IN THE HOME.

GAYETY is indispensable in childhood, and I doubt whether it can be dispensed with in after life. There is an innocent craving for it even in old age. God has scattered flowers upon our fallen earth, and sent us the songs of birds. Why should we turn away from them? Why should mirth and hearty laughing scandalize us?

If many of us do not love our home, the reason is far, far from inexplicable. To tell the truth, I have but a poor opinion of homes where laughter and merriment, and jokes and puns, nay, even absurdities, are unknown. Measure the heartlessness of that confession of Fontenelle, "For the last half century I have neither wept nor laughed." The two best things in this life, those which prove that we have a heart, and an imagination, and a brain, were lost to the man whose universe was academies and drawing-rooms. We are quite aware that there is a forced gayety, and forced laughter, than which nothing is more sad; and that this spirit may become chronic, to the annihilation of every serious thought. It would be difficult to choose between Fontenelle, who never laughed, and the man who is always laughing; difficult to say which had sunk the lowest.

Without seriousness, family life would hardly deserve the name. There is nothing so serious

as life; nothing so serious as happiness, duty, responsibility, the education of children, personal education. Is there any thing so serious as our sins, our repentance, our prayers; any task more serious than the charge of souls that we love?

But in proportion as seriousness is genuine, cheerfulness will be so too. There will be the "time to laugh, and time to weep." Solomon tells us that the "wisdom of man maketh his face to shine, and his countenance is no more sad." This is the magic of wisdom; it is when the heart is turned toward God that the countenance is joyous and beneficent.

A hearty laugh is one of the best and rarest of things; gayety is the privilege of the simple minded; it is one of the surest symptoms of moral health; though of course this is a rule by no means without exceptions. *Ennui* must not be classed among the virtues; we must not give way to morose and languid moods. I know houses where there is a perpetual sighing over the evils of humanity, past, present, and to come; after the evils come the faults, and after the faults the errors, till the melancholy catalogue is all gone through; but that does not prevent it from being resumed on the morrow. There are complaints, political, religious, moral, artistic, and literary, always in abundance.

I remember once visiting a neighbor who was extremely deaf; every one made it a duty to contribute something for his amusement; the speaking trumpet was passed from hand to hand; and what were the themes that passed through it but the sorrows and calamities of the neighborhood—how one poor gentleman had broken his leg; how some poor lady had lost a child! The most communicative added details of the faults and mistakes of the government, the fears entertained as to the harvest, the failure of sundry attempts to do good, and the unfortunate listener lifted up his eyes to heaven and sighed piteously; but when the evening had ended every one congratulated himself on having helped to amuse him for an hour.

MANNERS are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

THE SISTERS.

"MOTHER, is n't Lotty to come to school this morning?"

At this question, Mrs. Brandram turned half round from the great wooden trough, full of dough she was kneading into loaves, and looked doubtfully at a little girl sitting on the step, her head leaning against the doorway, and a book in her lap.

She, too, turned round a little at the question, and glanced up at her mother wistfully. The girl who had spoken was pretty, rosy, and well grown; the child, two or three years younger, sitting on the step, was small, pale, and thin, with a heavy, languid look in her dark eyes when she raised them, that made the mother say, after an instant—

"No, not this morning, I think, Carry; the day is going to be a very warm one, and it is a long walk to school."

The child settled herself back into her old position with a little sigh of relief, while her sister flounced out of the room, without speaking, into the cupboard in the passage where school hats and cloaks were kept, pulled her own hat down from its especial peg with a jerk, tied it on her head with the same superabundant energy, caught up her book-bag, and marched out of the house.

It was a lovely, still morning in early Summer. By and by, when the light morning clouds had drifted away, and the sun was higher, it would be, as Mrs. Brandram said, "very hot," but now the dew still sparkled on the shady side of the hedge-rows; all the gems of Aladdin's garden gleamed out from them at Carry as she passed along; the scent of hay came up from the meadows and the leaves rustled gently round her; all the sweet sights, and scents, and sounds of a Summer morning stole softly about the footsteps of the angry girl, as if they would win her to gentle thoughts, only Carry resolutely shut eyes, and ears, and heart to all such gentle teaching.

"I declare it's a shame," she said to herself, "the way mother pets and pampers Lotty, and encourages her to sham ill to get off school and going of errands, and doing any thing but mope about with a book, and amuse herself. 'She can't do this, and must n't do the other,' because she looks pale. As if it was n't some

folks' nature to look pale, and others' to have red faces. I declare it makes me sick, the way mother lets her go on."

The pace at which she walked under the influence of these thoughts, her carelessness as to whether she kept the sunny or the shady side of the way, was enough to make her sick also; but in the indulgence of her angry jealousy, she forgot all bodily discomforts.

Yet Carry Brandram was not naturally a cruel or an unkind sister; once or twice in her short life-time little Lotty had passed out of her usual state of general delicacy and fragility into one of severe illness and danger. At these times Carry was the kindest, the most devoted of nurses; there was nothing she would not do, nothing she would not give up for Lotty, as long as the fear of losing her remained; but I am sorry to say with the subsidence of that fear the jealousy Carry had allowed herself to cherish of her ailing little sister gained ground once more, and at times impelled her to acts of unkindness toward her, which, in her better moods, she would have hated herself for.

Ah, let no one think they may cherish thoughts of bitterness, envy, uncharitableness, and yet stop short of deeds; sooner or later the envious and jealous thought, the bitter, unloving one will bear fruit, will pass into deeds never to be undone in this world, though every tear we have were shed to wipe them out.

Through all the morning's work at school Carry nursed her jealous anger and sense of injury till it flamed higher than ever. More than once she received a rebuke for carelessness and inattention, which was no wonder; in the angry preoccupation of her thoughts, she scarcely heard the voices of her classmates, or the lesson they were repeating. So the morning wore on slowly to an end. The day chanced to be a half-holiday, so that when school broke up at noon the children dispersed at once to their homes.

Lotty turned an eager and happy little face toward her sister's sullen one when by and by Carry entered. The ground round her was strewn with shreds and patches of bright-colored prints, which she was fashioning into patchwork with the best ability of her small fingers.

"Look, Carry, at what mother has given me—all these, and these. There are enough for you, too, if you will have some."

"Keep them yourself," answered Carry, sullenly, and passed on with hardly a glance at what the child offered her. To the flame of such wrath as she was nursing fuel is hardly ever wanting; even this little incident added bitterness to hers.

"When I asked mother one day for some bits for patchwork, she said she had none," she thought. "She could find them for Lotty, it seems."

Mrs. Brandram's family was large, her life a very busy one—too busy for her to be able to give that heed to her children's various moods which a careful mother knows is necessary. She had five or six sons, but no daughter older than Carry, so that she had but little assistance in her many household labors except what the latter could give her, out of school hours.

On this afternoon she suddenly called to her eldest daughter, as the girl was sullenly poring over a book open on her knees—

"Carry, I want you to go with this basket to the Acre Farm. I promised to send up the butter as soon as it was made."

"Is the basket heavy?" asked Carry, getting up slowly. "Can't Lotty take it? My head aches with the sun this morning."

"I doubt it's too far for Lotty," said Mrs. Brandram, hesitating.

"It's not a mile, and she's not been to school, so she can't be tired, and the sun is n't hot to hurt her now," Carry went on, as her mother looked undecided.

"Well—well, tell her to take the basket, and go at once, then." And Mrs. Brandram hurried away again, too busy to give the matter much consideration after all.

With spiteful pleasure, that she would justly have detested herself for at another time, Carry hastened to take Lotty from her picture-books and her patchwork, and send her forth on her mother's errand.

"Am I to go by myself?" the child inquired, rather dolefully, as she announced it.

"Of course you are, and to carry the basket into the bargain. I have to do such things often enough, and now it's your turn, mother says."

"Did mother say so?" inquired Lotty, getting up slowly.

"Of course she did," answered Carry, bouncing away after this perversion of the truth. "And you're to be quick, mind, and not sit down every half-dozen yards to rest, as you always want to be doing."

Lotty took up the basket, and went away without saying any more. But for many a yard of the pretty meadow-path every thing looked

dim and misty through the tears that gathered in her dark eyes and rolled one by one down her pale little face. She had the sensitive temperament that often accompanies a feeble frame, and shrank under, without resenting, Carry's hard unkindness.

Ah! be gentle, be pitiful, be kind, if not for others' sake, then at least for our own, lest to us there come a day such as came to Carry Brandram, when every angry thought, every cold and cruel word, came back to wring the bitterest tears that are shed in this sorrowful world—the tears of anguished remorse, of un-availing regret.

Meanwhile little Lotty was trudging patiently onward with her basket. The load was not a heavy one, except for such slender little arms as hers. Very often the basket was shifted from one hand to the other, and more than once, in spite of what Carry had said about sitting down, the child was fain to rest for a few minutes at a time. She was a timid little thing, and easily frightened; the very fact of being alone, and several long fields' distance from her home, made her heart beat quickly, and her dark eyes glance round her with quick, anxious looks. Once, when she was sitting on a low bank beneath a hedge for a few minutes, a sudden snorting sound, and a rush of hot breath close past her cheek from behind, made her spring wildly up from her seat and look fearfully back, to see the mild face of a friendly cow looking at her over the low hedge. Another time a huge, shaggy dog ran barking from the doorway of a shed as she passed, but stopped short when he saw how very small and weak the foe was, and gave her a kind look instead. These were little dangers, but they seemed great to the timid child; and coming presently to where a pretty little brown streamlet wandered away across the meadows, between rows of pollard willows, she sat down on the little bridge that crossed it, to get over the quick beating of her heart, caused by the onslaught of the dog.

It was pleasant sitting here, she thought, with her feet hanging down over the little stream that went singing softly on its path over the colored stones and brown sand; pleasant to watch the shimmer and sparkle of the water in the sunshine, and how it stole into the cool shadows of the trees, and left all its brightness behind for a few minutes, only to take it up farther on again. She was sitting noting all this, when a voice close beside her made her start and look up, to see her sister Carry's wrathful face close beside her. Poor little Lotty flushed up, and rose to her feet, taking up her basket at the same time.

"Go! there! I have no patience with you, lazy little thing! Give me the basket, and go home, do!"

"I can take it, Carry. I was only resting a minute because a dog in there frightened me," faltered Lotty, shrinking under her sister's angry eyes, and clinging to her basket.

"Go home, I tell you! mother says you are to!" answered Carry, stamping her foot. "Give me the basket, I say!"

She snatched it from the frightened child, pushed her roughly out of her path, and hurried across the bridge without ever looking back. In her passion, she had never noticed how near the child stood to the unprotected edge of the little bridge, nor cared what force was in the push she gave her. Lotty staggered under it, and fell backward into the water.

To her dying day Carry will remember that moment when she turned and saw the little bridge vacant. She could not see the water, for it ran far down between the banks in Summer; but she knew where Lotty was. For one horrible minute her feet seemed rooted to the ground. She tried to run back, but could not move; tried to scream for help, and her voice was only a hoarse whisper.

After this she could never recall distinctly what happened. She knew that help came, but not by her—O! no, no, not through her—that she saw the small figure with wet garments clinging pitifully about the slender limbs, with dripping hair, falling wildly away from the pale face, lifted in a man's strong, tender arms, borne away to a neighboring cottage, so out of her sight.

She crept after them then, and, with frightened, tearless eyes, hung about the door of the room into which the child had been taken. She would have prayed to be let in to see Lotty, but dared not; so she waited about, trying to learn something from the faces of the women who came and went from the room.

At last it came. The little one was not dead—was sensible—was able to speak—had asked for her mother. When Carry heard this, the tears that hitherto seemed to have been frozen up at their source rained down at last in torrents. She dashed away from the kind, detaining hand of the woman who had told her, and went out and threw herself on her face among the grass, in a rapture of thanksgiving, and repentance, and love.

She never knew how long she had lain there, when a hand on her shoulder roused her. She looked up to see the face of the kind neighbor who had spoken to her before.

"My dear, your sister is asking for you," she

said, quietly; but there were traces of tears on her face, and her voice was grave and low.

"O, Mrs. Weston! I hardly deserve to see Lotty!" burst from Carry; "do you know that I pushed her into the water? Yes. I did n't mean to do it; but I was angry. If she had not been saved! if she had been drowned! if I had lost her!"

"Hush, my dear; now, come and see your sister."

"Is mother here? Is Lotty going home?" asked Carry as she followed her.

"Going home!" repeated Mrs. Weston; "yes, Carry, your sister is going home."

Something in her voice and manner sent a chill through the girl; she said no more, but followed her, trembling, she scarce knew why.

Little Lotty lay raised high among pillows, her dark eyes open and wistful.

They turned on Carry as she entered, and something like a smile came to the little parted lips. One of her hands was folded in her mother's breast, who knelt with bowed face beside her. She lifted the other as Carry came near, and feebly drew her sister's face down beside her own.

There was a hush in the room: no one moved, no one spoke. Presently the little hand round Carry's neck slipped from its resting-place, and those who looked on, knew that little Lotty had indeed gone home.

Children who read this story, children who are what Carry Brandram was—envious, jealous, passionate—be warned by Carry's punishment. None of us can venture to limit the cost of a word spoken—a deed done—in anger; none of us can cherish bitter thoughts, and say they shall never bear fruit in deeds.

As for Carry, humbled, broken-hearted, sorrowful Carry, she must be laid beside Lotty in the quiet church-yard, before she will forget that day on which her sin overtook her.

Many days—months—had to pass before she could be suddenly reminded of her lost sister, without passionate bursts of grief. Long the empty stool by the hearth, the vacant place on the doorstep, were never passed by Carry without a sick shudder, or bitter tears. For long she would rise up wildly from her bed at nights, and creeping to the little empty cot where Lotty had lain, sink down sobbing on her knees beside it, and, sometimes worn out, fall asleep so, with her wet cheek on the pillow where her sister's used to lie.

This time passed, for such grief is not forever; but not the repentance that alone is worth any thing in the sight of Heaven—the repentance that bears fruit in our daily life.

THE YOUNG FLY.

A GREAT many flies had gathered around a stove-pipe on the wall overhead. It was early Spring, and we were having three or four chilly days, and from gayly sailing about the house they had been obliged to collect there to keep warm. The older flies were contented, and most of them went to sleep, or gossiped in a dull, prosy way, but some of the younger ones were at first impatient. However, they all resolved to keep quiet, and as near the pipe as ever they could, except one—a very young fly indeed. He complained bitterly to his mother that his feet were tired with holding on so long, that his back ached with keeping so very still, and, above all, that he did want to use his pretty silken wings. In vain she told him that he would probably freeze if he went down, and that the warm weather would soon return and stay. He murmured that they had kept still, O, so long! and his wings were getting quite dull and dusty, and besides, he had once looked out at a window and caught sight of the great world, and wished to see it again, and, in short, go he would.

"You'd better stay," said the big blue-bottle, in his deep bass voice; "it's tough weather down there for a tender little thing like you. I took a fly all around this morning, and was right glad to get back, though I did n't go near the windows. They would be the death of you."

"Yes, yes," said good kind Mrs. Fidgety Fly, "there is no telling how quick a body's legs get numb and stiff walking on those cold panes. Then down one falls, flat on one's back, and that is generally the last of one. Dear, dear!"

But the young fly would not heed them. He bade his mamma good-by, and floated down. At first it seemed but little colder than on the wall, and, "Pshaw!" thought he, as he gayly sailed round and round the wide pleasant room, "what a slow set my relatives are to stay droning up there for fear of a little cold, instead of taking a cheerful fly. What if you do get a little chilly"—for he began to shiver—"it's better than stopping so long in one dull place, and all so close together that you can't move an eye without waking up some cross old aunt or grandpa." Then he lighted on a window pane. It was pretty cold, for the air came in through wide cracks on either side, but, thought the silly fly, "I'll just walk up and down here a few times, and look out at the splendid world, and then go back."

Things looked very fine outside: the green grass had begun to grow, and to-day the wind

blew, and beat the strong trees, their branches clashed together with a loud noise, and the sun was shining brightly over it all. The fly had never seen any thing so grand.

Suddenly his tiny legs grew stiff under him: he shuddered; his feet lost their hold upon the glass, and he fell down, down upon the hard window-seat, and flat on his back as good Mrs. Fidgety had said. Poor little fellow! he drew up his feet, and struggled hard to turn on his side, that he might get up, but all in vain. In a moment or two he was dead. The pretty fly with his silken wings that had carried him to his death!

Dear children, listen to the advice of those who are older and wiser than yourselves! They can see farther than you can, and can understand dangers which you can not. Nor can they always make you understand the reasons for many things which they warn you not to do.

PULLING WEEDS.

WHEN I was a boy, I had a Sabbath school teacher who was always ready to drop a word in season. No matter what we were talking about at first, it seemed to be the easiest thing in the world for her to turn my thoughts Christward. She would find sermons in stones, and in almost every thing else. Not long, tiresome sermons, but just a word that would keep me thinking till the next time I met her.

I remember one vacation she went away for a few weeks. When she came back, I ran to see her. After pleasant talk, she said—just as I started home—

"Well, Charley, what have you been doing the past week?"

"Pulling weeds for father," I answered.

"Pulling weeds? That is good business," she said, with a smile, "but I hope those you pulled were not all for father. You know you have a garden of your own, that is apt to get full of weeds."

"My garden?" I questioned, not thinking at first what she meant.

"In here," she said, touching her side with her finger. "For the enemy that sowed them is the evil one, you know. Have you pulled up the weeds there? It is hard work, Charley, I know; harder than pulling for father; but Christ will help you."

Day after day, as I kept about my tasks, I thought sadly of the weeds in the garden of my heart, and I asked Christ to root them out by his gracious power. I think he is doing it.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

WHAT STIMULANTS SHALL WE USE?—George D. Prentice has contributed largely to the gems that sparkle in our English literature. This, upon stimulants, may be placed by the side of the golden sayings of Pythagoras:

"There are times when the pulse lies low in the bosom, and beats low in the veins; when the spirit sleeps, which apparently knows no waking, in its house of clay, and the window-shutters are closed, and the door is hung with the invisible crape of melancholy; when we wish the golden sunshine, pitchy darkness, and very willing to fancy clouds where no clouds be. This is the state of sickness when physic may be thrown to the dogs, for we will have none of it. What shall raise the sleeping Lazarus? What shall make the heart beat music again, and the pulses dance through all the myriad thronged halls in our house of life? What shall make the sun kiss the eastern hills again for us, with all his old awakening gladness, and the night overflow with moonlight, love, and flowers? Love itself is the greatest stimulant, the most intoxicating of all, and performs all these miracles; but it is a stimulant itself, and is not at the drug-store, whatever they say. The counterfeit is in the market, but the winged god is not a money-changer, we assure you.

"Men have tried many things, but still they ask for stimulants. Men try to bury the floating dead of their own souls in the wine-cup, but the corpses will rise. We see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again, and the pulses to playing music, and the thoughts galloping, but the fast clock runs down the sooner, and unnatural stimulation only leaves the house it fills with the wildest revelry—more silent, more sadly deserted, more dead.

"There is only one stimulant that never intoxicates—duty. Duty puts a clear sky over every man—up in his heart, may be—into which the skylark, Happiness, always goes singing."

GROWING OLD.—Notwithstanding the drawbacks incidental to advancing years, says Cassell's Magazine, such a period may be made the most enjoyable of one's life. There is no slight advantage in having the hey-day of the blood checked in its course, in having gained experience of the world, and in having passed unscathed through the numerous perils and dangers which beset the stages of childhood and

youth. Of course the manner in which a man has spent the larger portion of his life will have a potent effect upon his mind and character when the frost of age makes its appearance. But whether that life be well or ill passed, there are grounds for self-congratulation and consolation. As Steele aptly remarks: "The memory of a well-spent youth gives a peaceable, unmixed, and elegant pleasure to the mind; and to such as are so unfortunate as not to be able to look back on youth, with satisfaction, they may give themselves no little consolation that they are under no temptation to repeat their follies, and that they at present despise them." Still, the pleasures of old age become greatly enhanced, according to the moral training and education one receives in youth. We tolerate in the young what we condemn in the aged, and very properly so; for those blemishes and vices which disfigure and disgrace the former, render the latter contemptible and odious. It has been remarked by one, that "he who would be long an old man, must begin early to be one." In other words, the vanities and frivolities of youth must be timely set aside, and the whole character made to correspond with the wisdom, decorum, and virtue which appertain to, and form the choicest charms of mature age. To see an aged person weakly panting with the remnants of those turbulent desires which ruffle the breasts of youth, ashamed of the furrows that relentless time has harrowed on his brow, is perfectly incongruous and contemptible. Such a one is out of harmony with nature, which moves in accordance with the laws and will of the Creator. To set the aim and end of our being fully and frequently before the mind, during the Spring and Summer of our existence, is an exercise, the moral advantage of which can not be too highly extolled. Otherwise, in life's Autumn we are likely "to stand reaped and bare," indeed. Equally replete with philosophy and religion is the ejaculation of the King of Israel: "Lord, teach me to number my days, that I may incline my heart unto wisdom."

CONSANGUINEOUS MARRIAGES.—Abundant induction of facts seems to show that deterioration of offspring follows consanguineous marriages. Dr. Nathan Allen has compiled numerous facts illustrating this. Nowhere are cretinism, idiocy, and congenital deafness so frequent as in the secluded valleys of the Canton of Berne, where the families are all connected,

and cousins intermarry as a matter of course, so as to keep the inheritance undivided. M. Baudin found that while consanguineous marriages form but two per cent. of the marriages of France, twenty-five per cent. of the deaf mutes are the offspring of such marriages. Scrofulous and tuberculous diseases are frequent in the progeny of such wedlock. Dr. Bemiss collected statistics of 833 consanguineous marriages. The whole number of children was 3,742, of which 1,134 were defective; 145 were deaf and dumb, 85 were blind, 308 idiotic, 38 insane, 60 epileptic, 300 scrofulous, 98 deformed, and 883 died early. In 1848 in Massachusetts the parentage of 359 idiots in an asylum was ascertained, and 17 were the children of parents known to be blood relations. In these 17 families there were born 95 children, of whom 44 were idiots and 12 others scrofulous or puny. In one family of 8, 5 were idiotic. Another family had 4 idiotic, and 4 other deformed children. A late report of the Kentucky Deaf and Dumb Asylum states that from 10 to 12 per cent. of the deaf mutes are offspring of the marriage of cousins. Dr. Mulligan, of Dublin, found 100 mutes among the children of 154 families where the parents were cousins. Dr. Buxton, of Liverpool, found 269 mutes among the children of 170 such marriages.—*The Independent*.

BRAINS VS. LABOR.—The following beautiful passage is by the Rev. J. F. Corning. It will be appreciated by all "brain workers":

"While I sit at my study-table with my pen in hand, the fingers moving with tardy pace at the beckon of brain, I hear right below my window, in the adjacent field, the monotonous ring of a laborer's hoe upon the corn-hills. While he hoes, he whistles hour by hour till the clock strikes twelve, and then with ravenous appetite repairs to his bountiful yet simple meal, only to resume his task again and pursue it to the setting of the sun. As I stood at the window watching his toil, and turned again to my pen and paper, I asked myself how it happened that the man with the hoe will labor his eight or ten hours a day with less fatigue than the man with his pen will toil his three or four. Hugh Miller was a great worker with the shovel and pick—would have made a good hand in a slate quarry, in grading a railroad, or digging a canal. But one night, as you know, he shot himself in a fit of nervous fever. What was the difference between the great geologist and the man with the hoe whistling under my window? Simply this, the former was a worker of brain, and the latter a worker of muscle. Let this man with the hoe lay down his husbandry for a little while and set himself to studying one of the stalks of corn, or the chemistry of one of those hills of soil, and very likely he would soon learn what it is to lose one's appetite, and hear the clock strike nearly all the night hours in feverish wakefulness. And thus we get at a great organic law of our being, to-wit: that brain-work subtracts vitality from the fountain, while muscle-work only makes draughts upon one of the ramifying streams of life. It is estimated by scientific observers that a man will use up as much vital force

in working his brains two hours as he will in working his muscles eight."

GOOD DIGESTION IS PROMOTED BY CHEERFULNESS.—Nothing is better understood than that there is a connection between cheerfulness and good digestion; and the trite expression, "to laugh and get fat," undoubtedly has its origin in observation, if not in philosophy. What an astonishing amount and variety of food can be disposed of, and perfectly digested, at one sitting of two or three hours, by a company of cheerful and happy, not to say jolly and merry, old friends, and that without alcohol, or any other unnatural stimulus to help digestion! I venture to say more than three times as much as the same individuals could eat and digest in the same time if each took his meals by himself.

And this one fact is worth more than all else I can write to show the dependence of the digestive powers on the state of the mind, and to prove that he must be lean and haggard who, keeping his mind constantly on his business, bolts his meals in silence and solitude, even in the presence of his family. I commend it to the careful consideration of uncomfortable mortals who never properly digest their food, and whose bones are too poorly clothed with flesh, and too poorly protected even to allow them quiet rest, and who, therefore, envy "fat, sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights."—*How not to be Sick*.

LET US BE MORE SOCIABLE.—In order to increase the sum of human happiness, we should cultivate kind and fraternal feelings one with another. A true life consists in something else than simply accumulating property. We do not and can not "live by bread alone." A writer in the *Journal of Agriculture* discourses on this subject most beautifully as follows:

The sole object and aim of too many individuals seems to be to get gain, "grab all," let the consequences be what they may to others. The desire to accumulate wealth, regardless of the comfort and social happiness of our neighbors, and the interchange of friendly sentiments, should be ignored. On the other hand, we should so live and act that the generous impulses of our own hearts would prompt us to extend the hand of fellowship to all our neighbors and, looking them squarely in the eye, feel that glorious inward consciousness that we had never wronged them in thought, word, or deed. Then, too, let words of kindness be spoken; let little deeds of love be done; let the principles of the golden rule be exemplified in our daily lives; let us be more sociable, and cultivate our convivial qualities by frequent interchanges of friendly greetings at social gatherings; let no aristocracy be acknowledged, save that of the intellect; let us beautify our homes; let us make them what they should be by cherishing a love for the beautiful, so that

"Blessings may attend us forever;
And whatever we pray for or do,
May our lives be one grand endeavor
To type the pure, the good, and the true!"

AN INVALUABLE RECIPE FOR CONTENTMENT.—We were greatly instructed some time since in read-

ing an incident related by a city missionary. In traveling one of his rounds he called upon a poor widow and found her in tears. On seeking an explanation she informed him that she was weeping from a sense of her past ingratitude to God for his mercies toward her.

Her hut was so poor that the wintery winds caused the snow to drive through it, and in her discomfort she had been wont to murmur against God, because she was poor. The night before she had been putting her little boy to bed, and, having covered him with all the clothing she could spare, and feeling that it was not enough to shelter him comfortably against the cold, she took some boards from a broken door and placed them over him. The thought that she had nothing better than this to shelter her child from the Winter's cold wrung her heart with a sense of her poverty. As she bent to kiss him a "good-night," he said to her, smilingly and contentedly, "Ma, what do poor folks do these cold nights that have n't any boards to put on their children?" This artless speech of her child had opened her eyes to see blessings, where before she had not perceived them. The philosophy of that little boy is an infallible cure against murmuring at one's lot.

BUSINESS AND PRAYER.—The following sentiments, expressed in a few lines, are worth treasures to those who receive them, turn them over in their thoughts, and weigh their importance:

"If a professed disciple would not have his secular business become as a millstone about his neck to drown him in perdition, he must be a man of prayer; he must daily secure spiritual communion with God. If he suffer his business to consume his time and spirits, so as to deprive him of opportunities for prayer, reading the Bible, and real communion with God, he must decay in piety, and his service of mammon eat up his service of God. No one who believes that God answers prayer will think of omitting either secret or family devotion for want of time, even when business is unusually urgent. Which is worth most to you or your family, an additional period of your own unblest labor, or the blessing of God on your efforts, won by spending that time in pleading with him in prayer? The plea of want of time is essentially atheistical; none should urge it but those who regard prayer as an empty mockery that never receives an answer from the Lord. Let the day begin with communion with God; let the disciple pass the whole day in the spirit of prayer, and all its duties will become spiritual duties, and all its scenes be inscribed with 'holiness to the Lord.'"

GOD.—Pluck that beautiful flower; look at it a long time. Become conscious that it is the expression of a beautiful thought of some mind. This is the magic key that will unlock the reason of all nature. All the flowers are thoughts realized. Pass from the flowers to the trees. The rounded maple, the graceful elm, the straight poplar, the bending willow—every tree is the thought of some mind. Pass from trees to mountains. How mighty these realized

thoughts! Look at the sea. What an undivided thought! Ponder the whole earth. A world of some creating mind. Gaze at the stars. Thoughts line the firmament. How great, how wise, how lovely, how potent, how incomprehensible the spirit whose thoughts are thus put forth! "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard." Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world!" He that built all things is God. We walk upon and in the midst of his realized thoughts. How carefully and lovingly toward him should we walk!

THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.—The cross now—the crown to-morrow. Now the bed of languishing—to-morrow the throne of Jesus. What encouragement to "fight the good fight of faith!" The body now bears the spirit down; wait till the dawn of day, and the spirit will bear the body up. A few breathings more in this dull and oppressive element, then all will be health and buoyancy, strength and gladness, purity and peace—the body changed, the heart all holy. Even now the Lord is with you; but you can not see him for the darkness of night. You walk by faith, not by sight. Yet you can say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." He lives—he thinks upon you—he is with you—he will never leave you nor forsake you. He is a friend, a brother, a Lord—a friend to guide you by his counsel, a brother to sympathize with you in all your sorrows, a Lord to defend you from all evil, and make all things work together for your good. No safety but at his side; no comfort but in his bosom; no strength but in his arm; no holiness but in his steps.—*Hewitson.*

"OWES ME A LIVING."—It is among men who try to get a living by some shift or trick of laziness that we hear the familiar words, "The world owes me a living." A loafer who never did a useful thing in his life, who dresses at the expense of the tailor, and drinks at the cost of his friends, always insists that the world owes him a living, and declares his intention to secure the debt. I should like to know how it is that a man who owes the world for every mouthful he ever ate, and every garment he ever put on, should be so heavy a creditor in account with the world. The loafer lies about it. The world owes him nothing but a very rough coffin, and a retired and otherwise useless place to put it in. The world owes a living to those who are not able to earn one, to children, to the sick, to the disabled and the aged, to all who, in the course of nature or by force of circumstances, are dependent; and it was mainly for the supply of the wants of these that men were endowed with the power to produce more than enough for themselves. To a genuine shirk the world owes nothing; and when he tells me with a whine that the world owes him a living, I am assured that he has the disposition of a highway robber, and lacks only his courage and his enterprise.—*J. G. Holland.*

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

JOHN'S GOSPELS: APOLOGETICAL LECTURES. *By J. J. Van Oosterzee, D. D., Professor of Theology in the University of Utrecht. Translated, with Additions, by J. F. Hurst, D. D. 8vo. Pp. 256. \$1.75. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. New York: Scribner, Wellford & Co. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.*

This is a translation from the authorized German edition, of four apologetical lectures on the authenticity of John's Gospel, delivered to a large audience in the Odeon at Amsterdam, Holland, by Dr. Van Oosterzee. They were designed chiefly, though not exclusively, as a reply to skeptical lectures on the life of Jesus which had been delivered at the same place by professors and preachers of the so-called Modern Tendency. They are in popular style, avoiding all abstruse and technical treatment of his subject, giving the *results* rather than the *method* of the author's learned investigations. The translator justly says, "There are few theologians more capable, by acquirements, native talents, and piety, for defending Christian truth than Dr. Van Oosterzee. In the present work he furnishes new proof, that, while he refuses to renounce any cardinal point of evangelical theology, and gives abundant grounds therefore, he is ready to make any concessions that candor requires." He is generally considered the ablest pulpit orator and divine of the evangelical school in Holland now living. He combines genius, learning, and piety. He is orthodox and conservative, yet liberal and progressive. He seems to be as fully at home in the modern theology of Germany as in that of his native country. To his attainments in scientific theology he adds a general literary culture and fine poetical taste. Besides his *Life of Christ* and a *Christology*, he has written Commentaries on several books of the New Testament.

As for the book before us, coming from such competent hands, and on a subject of so much present interest, we would expect a masterly production. And such it is. Addressing popular audiences, the author found his strong points in the internal evidences of the genuineness of the Gospel, and these he has presented in a most attractive and convincing manner. The nature, extent, and philosophy of the modern skeptical opposition to John's Gospel the lecturer presents in impartial but incisive paragraphs. The secret of the opposition lies in the fact, that while this inimitable Gospel stands unchallenged, the waves of criticism against the superhuman, Divine Christ of history, break and recoil in empty foam from this rock. Therefore every means, fair and foul, must be used to weaken the power of this wonderful Gospel. Its authorship is denied; it is referred to a late date in the second century; it is mythical; it is figurative and imaginative; it is par-

tisan; it is written in defense of Judaistic tendencies; it is written against Judaistic tendencies; it is gnostic and anti-gnostic; it is any thing except genuine history. The miserable subterfuges to which negative criticism is driven are admirably exhibited here. The lecture on Miracles is clear and able. The lecture on the Christ of John's Gospel is very beautiful. We thank our friend Dr. Hurst for giving this timely and valuable book to the English reader.

THE OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY. *From the Creation to the Return of the Jewish Captivity. By William Smith, LL. D. 12mo. Pp. 715. \$2. New York: Harper & Bro. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

This volume is uniform with his work on the New Testament, and with the same author or editor's valuable series of "Students' Histories." Besides giving the history recorded in the Old Testament with the necessary explanations, notes, references, and citations, this work contains information on a large number of subjects. Among these may be mentioned an account of each of the Books of the Bible, the geography of the Holy Land and of contiguous countries, together with the political and ecclesiastical Antiquities of the Jews, historical and genealogical tables, etc. It is a repertory of valuable information which the student and teacher of the Bible will be glad to have at hand. The work is well supplied with maps and illustrations.

JEREMIAH, AND HIS LAMENTATIONS; *with Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical. By Henry Coales, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 431. \$2.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach & Moore.*

The present volume concludes the author's series of comments on the Old Testament prophets. We have frequently noticed them as the successive volumes appeared. They constitute a valuable contribution to the study of the old prophets, and well-adapted to the wants of both pastors and people. We are sure that wherever they are used they will accomplish the author's prayerful hope, that "they may serve to obviate some misconceptions, to remove some obscurities, to solve some difficulties, to disclose some new beauties, to illustrate for present use some great principles of God's government in time over nations and men, and chiefly to bring out the great points of prophetic revelation with a richer practical force, conducive to a more intelligent faith, and to more vigorous and effective labor toward the grand results ere long to be realized in the universal diffusion of the Gospel, and in the triumphs of its truth and love in all the earth." To the present volume is appended a special dissertation on the system of opinions on prophecy currently known as the Pre-millennial Advent of Christ, in which the author takes

an antagonistic position with great force of conviction. We are informed in a note that "Notes on the writings of Solomon are now in course of preparation, and will constitute the next volume."

LAW OF BUSINESS FOR ALL THE STATES OF THE UNION: *With Forms and Directions for all Transactions.* By Theophilus Parsons, LL. D., Professor of Law in Harvard University. 8vo. Pp. 703. \$3.75. Cincinnati: National Publishing Company. Sold on Subscription.

Professor Parsons is one of the most eminent lawyers of our country. After gaining a wide and enviable reputation as a practitioner, he was called to the chair of Law in Harvard, where he has been for twenty years, during which he has given several very valuable and authoritative law books to the profession and the public. It was a happy thought to prepare such a volume as the present, so much needed by the active business men of our age and country, and it was a most happy occurrence that its preparation fell into hands so thoroughly competent. The result is a volume of great value to all classes of people. No intelligent person will fail to find in it information of practical and almost daily use, touching a multitude of questions concerning social, civil, and business rights and duties. It is for every body the safest and cheapest counselor and legal adviser, ready at hand at all times to be consulted. It should be possessed as a matter of economy. Some physician equally eminent in his profession as Dr. Parsons in the knowledge of the law, ought to do just such a work as this for the people, in the department of medicine.

ANECDOTES OF THE WESLEYS: *Illustrative of their Character and Personal History.* By Rev. J. B. Wakeley. With an Introduction by Rev. J. McClintock, D. D., LL. D. 16mo. Pp. 391. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Dr. McClintock says well that "Mr. Wakeley has been happily inspired in the conception of this book of anecdotes. The execution of his task is also felicitous. The public will owe him gratitude for this contribution not merely to their entertainment, but to their instruction." We sincerely hope that the public will recognize the debt, and abundantly buy and read the book. Here are over four hundred anecdotes, embracing incidents in the lives of all the Wesley family, from Samuel Wesley, the father, to Charles Wesley, jr., the grandson. They are arranged in four books: Anecdotes of Samuel Wesley, sen.; Anecdotes of Susanna Wesley; Anecdotes of John Wesley, constituting the great bulk of the book; and Anecdotes of Charles Wesley. They are of almost every conceivable variety, exhibiting these illustrious actors and speakers in manifold phases of character and incident. Mr. Wakeley must have devoted great labor and patience in gathering these sparkling gems. Many of them were never published before, and most of them will be new to our readers.

THREE SEASONS IN EUROPEAN VINEYARDS: *Treating of Vine-Culture; Vine-Disease and its Cure; Wine-Making and Wines; Wine-Drinking, as Affecting Health and Morals.* By William J. Flagg. 12mo. Pp. 332. \$2. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The author claims for his work interest for the general reader if he has "the love of learning," for the general drinker, inasmuch as it relates to his daily beverages and their effects on his health and happiness, but chiefly for the vine-growers of America. He further claims that "no other American has made near so thorough a pilgrimage among the vineyards of Europe, and especially among those of France." Doubtless the work contains much reliable information with regard to the culture of the grape and the making of wine. For American society and sentiment it has rather too much wine and brandy. The author likes wine and brandy; he likes France and French society; he, evidently, does not like whisky, and we think there is some doubt whether he likes water, at least as a beverage, and there is even some doubt whether he would not prefer France and French wines and brandy, to America minus the beverages. In its influence the book is anti-American and anti-Christian; that is, in the sense of constantly putting French social life in favorable and approved contrast with American social life. The author argues from the first page to the last in favor of plentiful wine-drinking, but argues unfairly and sophistically. His contrasts are not between sober, temperate, water-drinking Americans and wine and brandy-drinking Frenchmen, but between the American bar-room, the American whisky and rum-drinker, and the French wine-garden or the French social board. The conclusion from all we read here is certainly not that wine-drinking is conducive to health and temperance, but simply that wine-drinking is not so bad as whisky-drinking. But it still leaves untouched the higher fact, that abstinence from the whole of them is infinitely better than either.

SIGHTS AND SENSATIONS IN FRANCE, GERMANY, AND SWITZERLAND; *or, Experiences of an American Journalist in Europe.* By Edward Gould Buffum, Author of "Six Months in the Gold Mines," etc. 12mo. Pp. 310. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Clarke & Co.

Mr. Buffum, the author of this volume, who died some months ago in Paris, had a name in America and Western Europe as a successful journalist and foreign correspondent. His work, "Six Months in the Gold Mines," contributed, in the early enthusiasm of the gold discovery of California, to enlarge the knowledge and intensify the interest of adventurous spirits concerning the new-found El Dorado. For several years he was chief editor of the *Alla Californian*, and was a member of the Legislature of the Golden State. In 1858 he went to Europe, and finally settled himself in Paris as the head of a bureau of correspondence, in which employment he continued up to the time of his death. The "Sights and Sensations" depicted in this volume are such as

came under his observation during this European residence. They are written in the concise, forcible, and straightforward style of the newspaper writer, always interesting, vivacious, and to the point.

THE WEDDING-DAY IN ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES. By Edward J. Wood. 12mo. Pp. 299. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The title sufficiently explains the nature of this book. It is a valuable and entertaining compilation, shedding light on the customs and usages of nearly all people on that most interesting of days—the wedding-day.

FIVE ACRES TOO MUCH. By Robert B. Roosevelt, Author of "Game Fish of North America," etc. 12mo. Pp. 296. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

A very amusing book, and to amateur farmers, and those contemplating becoming such, a very instructive one. The author gives "a truthful elucidation of the attractions of the country, and a careful consideration of the question of profit and loss as involved in amateur farming, with much valuable advice and instruction to those about purchasing large or small places in the rural districts." All of which is, as Artemus Ward would say, "intended for a joke."

PRIMARY TRUTHS OF RELIGION. By Thomas M. Clark, D. D., LL. D. Bishop of the Diocese of Rhode Island. 16mo. Pp. 313. \$1.25. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach & Moore.

This is an excellent little book and timely. It is not a mere popular digest of Christian doctrines, but lays hold of the great fundamental truths which underlie all religion, passing over from them naturally and necessarily to the great basis-facts of God's revealed word. "Is there a God? Who is God? What is God? Does God rule? Is the law of God inviolable? Is man responsible? Has God made a revelation to man?" etc., are the questions discussed here in a clear, forcible, and convincing style.

MOPSA THE FAIRY. By Jean Ingelow. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. Pp. 244. \$1.25.

Jean Ingelow has reached that enviable place in literature that guarantees the speedy sale of any thing she chooses to write. She is eminently worthy of her place, and her books are not only sold, but are read. She has few equals in writing stories for the young. This one will interest them intensely.

FIRST STEPS IN GERMAN: An Elementary Grammar and Conversational Reader. By M. Th. Preu. 8vo. Pp. 157. \$1.25. New York: Oakley, Mason & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This strikes us as a well-arranged grammar and method for the study of German, and is well worth a trial in the school-room. The author is himself an experienced teacher.

FRIDAY LOWE. By Mrs. C. E. K. Davis. 16mo. Pp. 346. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues & Co. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

An interesting and instructive story-book for the Sunday school and the juniors at home.

THE DANCE OF MODERN SOCIETY. By W. C. Wilkinson. 16mo. Pp. 77. \$1. New York: Oakley, Mason & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is a reproduction in book form of an article that made some stir two years ago published in the Baptist Quarterly Review. It is strong meat, thoroughly cooked, and will be nutritious food for those who will "inwardly digest it."

THE LILY SERIES. By Mrs. Sherwood. 6 Volumes. 24mo. In a box. \$2.50. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: George Crosby.

A box of small, neat books for the little ones, containing—The Flowers of the Forest, The Young Forester, The Little Woodman, The Little Beggars, The Two Orphans, and Joan.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IN PAPER.—*The Third National Sunday School Convention of the United States, 1869.* Published by Authority of the Convention. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues & Co. An octavo pamphlet of 188 pages, containing a full report of the proceedings, speeches, etc., of the great Sunday School Convention held April, 1869, in Newark, New Jersey. *Central New York Annual Conference, Minutes of First Session, Auburn, New York, April 15-22, 1869.* *First Annual Report Ladies' and Pastors' Christian Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia.* From Robert Clarke & Co. we have the following issued by Harper & Brothers: *The Newcomes.* By Thackeray. Two Volumes in one. 8vo. Pp. 210, 202. 75 cents. *My Daughter Elinor.* 8vo. Pp. 257. \$1.25. *Stretton.* By Henry Kingsley. 8vo. Pp. 144. 40 cents.

CATALOGUES.—*Albion College for 1868-69,* Albion, Michigan. President, Rev. George B. Jocelyn, D. D. Students, 258. *Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary,* Gouverneur, New York. Principal, Rev. George G. Dains, M. A. Students, 269. *De Pauw College for Young Ladies,* New Albany, Indiana. President, Rev. Erastus Rowley, D. D. Pupils, 136. *Illinois Female College,* Jacksonville, Illinois. President, W. H. De Motte, M. A. *Hillsboro Female College,* Hillsboro, Ohio. President, Rev. David Copeland, M. A. *Stockwell Collegiate Institute,* Stockwell, Indiana. President, John P. Rous, M. A. Pupils, 163. *Hedding Female College and Seminary,* Abington, Illinois. Principal, Rev. Milton C. Springer, A. M. Pupils, 243. *Cornell College,* Mount Vernon, Iowa. President, Rev. William F. King, M. A. Students, 392. *Xenia Female College,* Xenia, Ohio. President, William Smith, A. M. Students, 150. *Ohio Wesleyan Female College,* Delaware, Ohio. President, Rev. Park S. Donelson, D. D. Students, 258. *Indiana University,* Bloomington, Ind. President, Rev. Cyrus Nutt, D. D. Students, 239.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE VOTE ON LAY DELEGATION.—As we now write, the returns of the vote on the lay question, as far as reported, are 59,274 for lay delegation, and 21,340 against. These returns embrace about one-third of the whole number of Churches, and the total for this third is 80,614. As the largest of our Churches throughout the country are embraced in these returns, the remaining two-thirds will not of course give proportionately so large a vote, though the ratio will most probably be about the same; that is, nearly three to one in favor of lay delegation, of those voting. Probably the whole vote will not much exceed 200,000, and the result will not be far from 140,000 for, and 60,000 against.

What are the significance and value of these results? It is interesting to study the conclusions reached by our different Methodist journals, and to see how these conclusions conform themselves to the relative positions our editors hold to the general question. The *Methodist* claims that the question is now settled in the affirmative. "The returns," it says, "are not all in, but the last hope of our brethren who have taken the negative side—the rural districts—conclusively fails them. This acceptance of lay delegation by the people makes it an accomplished fact in the Church. As far as the General Conference can pledge the ministry, the ministry are pledged to make the concession upon the clear exhibition of the desire of the people for it. What remains to be done is the formal completion of the measures initiated in Chicago, May, 1868. We may, therefore, look forward to the admission of lay delegates into the Conference of 1872."

Zion's Herald, *The Central*, and the *North-Western*, occupy about the same ground. The latter says, "We suppose there can be no question but that 'the people desire' lay delegation. Of course those in favor of the measure will not doubt it, and those opposed must be satisfied, because the affirmative is a voice of perhaps three to one, uttered after their own prescribed form." The editor of the *North-Western* also claims that the vote is as large as could reasonably have been expected. He gives the voting power of the Church at 500,000, and claims that the present vote "will probably not fall short of 200,000."

The *Western* thinks "the vote is so slight that the whole affair presents the appearance of a huge farce." But still the editor regards the vote as "decisive of the question," and calls for "general and hearty acquiescence in the result." The old "New Yorker" looks upon the vote as a small one, holding the voting power of the Church at 800,000, and claiming that the actual vote will not exceed one-fifth of the whole. "It thus seems," says the editor, "that at this point, which we have all along looked to as the end of the lay delegation question, we are just enter-

ing upon it; and that the ministers, after seeking for eight years to get the membership to settle the case for them, have it now returned upon their own hands to be decided by themselves without instructions from the people."

The vote as given is in one respect quite satisfactory. It evidently leaves no room for unpleasant or invidious comparisons, no need "to weigh the votes," or resort to any other standard of value than their number. In all classes some have voted for it, and some have voted against it. Generally the cities have voted "for." New York seems to be an exception, and the majority is small in Brooklyn. Some of the "more fashionable Churches" have voted for it, but by no means all, while some of the least aristocratic have voted emphatically in the affirmative. The ratio runs about the same in city and country.

The important question is, how far should this result be accepted as an expression of the desire of the Church? In actual figures it is a much larger vote than that of 1861. Then the whole vote stood 75,939, being 28,884 for, and 47,855 against lay delegation, a majority of 18,271 against the measure. Evidently the sentiment of our people has rapidly grown in favor of the measure within the past eight years, the number asking for it, rising from 28,000 to certainly over 100,000, while the Church has only grown in that time from 900,000 to 1,200,000. True the women of the Church had the right of vote in 1869 and not in 1861, but as far as our own observation extends, and as far as we can gain information, they did not very extensively avail themselves of this privilege. We think the "Christian Advocate" a little unfair in the presentation of the comparison of the votes of 1861 and 1869. By taking the membership of the Church at 900,000, and deducting for minors 300,000, and for females 360,000, leaving a voting membership of 240,000, the Advocate makes the vote of 1861 almost one-third of the whole. By taking the present membership at 1,200,000, deducting 400,000 as minors, and leaving 800,000 as a voting membership, and estimating the aggregate vote of 1869 at 150,000, it makes the vote less than one-fifth of the whole. The vote will more probably be 200,000, which would be one-fourth of the whole; but, although the right of suffrage was given to the women, we are satisfied that a mere fraction of the females of the Church voted, or, from the novelty of the movement, could really have been expected to vote. We think the vote is fully as proportionately large as it was in 1861, and perhaps not far from one-half of those whom we might reasonably expect to vote.

The significant fact is that from 100,000 to 130,000 or 140,000 of the members of our Church have asked

for lay delegation in the manner prescribed by the General Conference. This is a very respectable, weighty, and influential asking. True, there are some 600,000 more that might have asked for it; but of these 600,000 at least 300,000 are women, whom, from the novelty of the situation, we scarcely expected to ask for it, and the whole 600,000 had an equal opportunity to say no. Still the fact remains that more than 100,000 of our most active and earnest membership ask for the change. Of course the vote is not decisive of the question, nor even authoritative, nor would it have been if it had been twice as large as it is. It is instructive, influential, and suggestive to the ministry of the Church, and it ought to be and will be powerful in its influence on the ministers of the Church when they come to vote on the disciplinary changes. That it lays them under obligation to vote for these changes, or that the General Conference has pledged or could pledge the preachers of the Annual Conferences to vote either for them or against them we do not believe.

The General Conference made provision for the laity to vote on the abstract question, and for the preachers to vote on the disciplinary changes; the laity have voted according to their will and judgment; it remains for the preachers to do the same, and to do it according to *their* will and judgment, or the vote in the Conferences would be a mere form. That one element in the judgment of the preachers will be the fact that so large, and important, and influential a part of our membership has asked for this change we are certain, and are equally certain that it will be a *powerful* element in forming their judgment. It is a fact now known, but before unknown, that more than a hundred thousand of the adult members of our Church desire the change. This is the result and the value of the recent election. As the *Advocate* says, "it returns the question upon the hands of the ministers," but not entirely "without instruction," but bearing indorsed upon it the names of a hundred thousand petitioners. The preachers will vote with these petitioners before their eyes. In this form, it seems to us, the question now comes before the Annual Conferences.

RUSSET LEAVES.—Mr. James Pummill is chief compositor in the department of fine job printing in the Western Book Concern. He is a master in the art of printing, and has manifested a high order of taste in the arrangement and ornamentation of many jobs that have issued from his hands. But Mr. Pummill is a poet, a veritable poet, and for a long time has been producing a volume which will at once exhibit his power as a poet and his skill as a printer. On our table lie sample pages of the forthcoming volume, which will be ready for delivery about the middle of November. The contents consist of a collection of country sketches in prose and verse, the poetry flowing as smoothly and musically as the rills and rivulets of which it sings. The book will be profusely and beautifully illustrated, will contain two hundred and twelve pages, printed on heavy paper of an elegant russet tint, and will be bound

in handsome holiday style. Mr. Pummill is trying his hand and his heart on this volume, and it will be one of the finest specimens of book-making in the American art.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.—The Methodist Quarterly Review for July is a capital number. Every article in it is vigorous, timely, readable, and valuable. The editor's department is fresh, wholesome, and trenchant as ever. The papers are the following: Tests of a Valid Ministry and a True Church, by Bishop E. S. Janes; Literality of the Account of the Garden of Eden, by Dr. Luther Lee; Whedon on Matthew, by Dr. A. C. George; White's Massacre of St. Bartholomew, by Rev. Henry M. Baird, Ph. D.; The Application of Photography to Astronomy, by Professor George B. Merriman, of the University of Michigan; The Prophecy of Jacob Respecting the Messiah, by Henry M. Harmon, D. D.; Saul and Paul, by Dr. Schaff; The Book of Enoch, by Rev. M. J. Cramer, A. M., Leipzig, Germany; St. Paul's Closing Pæan, Editor. We find also the usual Intelligence, Religious and Literary, the Synopsis of the Quarterlies, and Quarterly Book-Table.

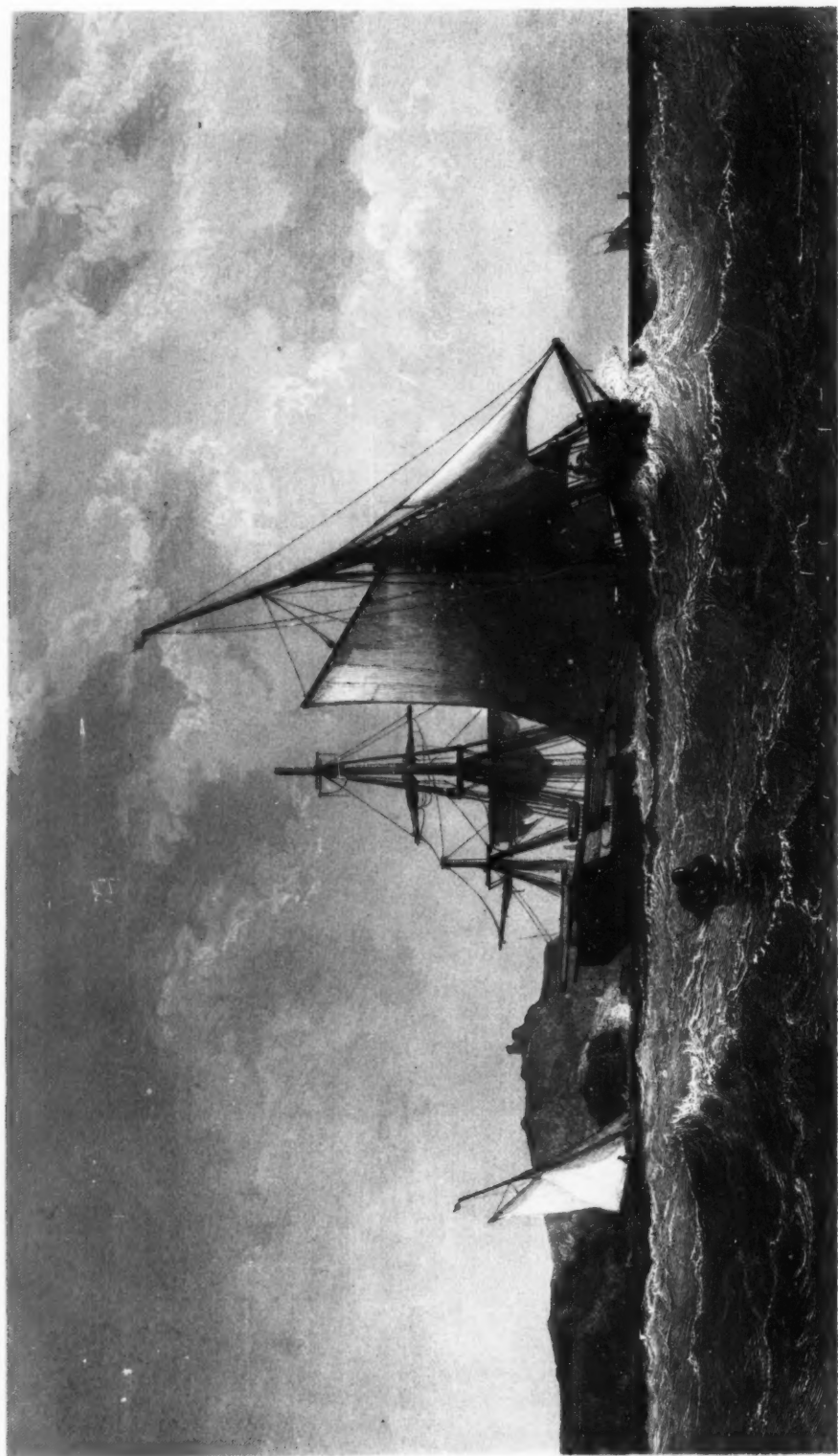
MIDDLETON'S NEW CHROMO.—We are glad to find our friend, Mr. E. C. Middleton, striking out anew in his peculiar department of printing portraits and pictures in oil colors. His portraits of Washington, Wesley, Grant, and others are famous throughout the country. He has now associated with him Henry Howe, the well-known publisher, and they are entering into a new field. The first venture is "*Christ Blessing Little Children*," one of the most appropriate of all subjects with which to adorn a Christian home, and none can look upon it without pleasure.

Christ is seen seated facing the spectator, in the midst of a group consisting of a mother and four children clustered around him. In his lap he holds a babe; at his left stands the mother, with a girl of perhaps twelve and a boy of ten. The faces of the three are beautiful with the expression of trust, as they stand gazing up to the Great Friend. But the center of attraction is the person of our Savior. His left arm encircles the babe, while his right hand rests protectingly upon the bowed head of still another child at his knee. The babe, a little plump boy, of perhaps twelve months old, with only a single white garment around his loins, with golden hair and soft blue eyes, rests one of his hands upon the bosom of Christ, and is looking up into his face with the dimpling, joyous smile of infancy. He evidently doesn't know who holds him, but looks just as happy as if he did know. Christ, with bent head, looks down upon the little fellow with an expression of ineffable tenderness.

The chromo is bold and brilliant in color; the drapery bright and attractive. It is seldom that a picture which so powerfully appeals to our best, most holy instincts, is published. It is in itself a sermon, to show us all not only the duty, but the exquisite pleasure, of protecting and ministering to the weak and the helpless of earth. Address Henry Howe & Middleton, 118 West Fourth-street, Cincinnati.



ERDAHL. PT. W. WEDGTON



Reproduced from the original photograph by the original photographer

